THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Herrington W&Sons

Vol. LXIII No 51 — L. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18th, 1924.

None Will Satisfy

like pure, delicious

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA H478

The finest green tea produced in the world. — Ask for a trial package.

FREE SAMPLE of GREEN TEA UPON REQUEST. "SALADA," TORONTO

HARDWOOD - FLOORING!

Seamless-Kent Hardwood Flooring—Floors Re-surfaced and Finished.

ARTHUR A. SILLS,
Coleman Street, BELLEVILLE
and

H. J. GLEESON, M.B.
University of Toronto.

Office of late Dr. Grant, corner of East and Bridge streets.
Office hours 1.30 to 5 p.m., 7 to 9 p.m. Phone 123.

INSURANCE

For Fire Insurance try ALFRED McCUTCHEON, Roblin.

A number of companies to choose from.

Office: Residence, Roblin, Main Street. 27-tf

H. W. GALLAGHER

The People's Auctioneer

My experience in handling a number of very successful sales has convinced my patrons that I am capable of handling any sale and guarantee to give you perfect satisfaction.

List your sales with me.
H. W. GALLAGHER.
Phone 10 ring 1-3,
Adolphustown. 11-3-m

Buy a Bond of Victory
from the war. Fat

DUSSEE & CO.

New Autumn MILLINERY

More time and care has been taken in selecting these new Fall Fashions than ever before.

We are now showing a nice selection of Felt Hat, including combinations of Felt and Velvet, Silk and Velvet, in all the newest shades,

AT MODERATE PRICES

HOSIERY

In Black, Beige, Sand, and White. Odd sizes.

AT PRICES TO CLEAR.

The Leading Millinery House

Quality Suits and Overcoats are the kind we make and sell.

FURNISHINGS, BOOTS AND SHOES

We meet or beat all competition.

Genuine Horsehide Lined Mitts, $1.25 value for **69c**
While they last.

W.W.ADAMS
Merchant Tailor
Newburgh, - Ont.

NOTICE OF MEETING

THE COUNTY COUNCIL

of Lennox and Addington, at call of the Warden, will meet at the Council Chamber, in the Court House, NAPANEE, on

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 9th, 1924
at 2 p. m.

All accounts must be in the hands of the undersigned not later than Wednesday, Dec. 10th, in order that they may be considered.

W. G. WILSON,
County Clerk.

Dated October 27th, 1924.

Genuine Creonoid Fly Oil in bulk at $1.00 per gallon at DAVY & ALLISON'S.

Use Satin Finish

HARDWOOD - FLOORING

and save the expense of scraping. It's finished before it is laid.

For estimates, etc., ask
PICTON WOODWORKING CO.
45-tf Picton.

Drs. Mullaley and Mullaley

CHIROPRACTORS

Electric and Light Therapy.
Centre St. (north of Bridge St.)
Hours: 10 a.m.-8 p.m.
Consultation free. Phone 301.

WANTED— Fenian Raid and Saskatchewan medals. Will pay $4.00. A. E. WAY, Bowmanville, Ont. 51-ap

FOR SALE—Residence on East street, formerly occupied by Mr. R. J. Dickinson. Apply to J. L. BOYES.

FOR SALE—One second-hand square piano, extra good condition. A real bargain. Apply to SPENCER & SON. 23

WANTED—At once, Alsike seed in quantities. Highest market price paid. Bring in a sample. GEO. E. WINTER, Dundas St.

FOR SALE—17-ft. Motor Boat, in good running order. Just right size for camp and trolling. Speed, 2 to 8 miles per hour. Apply E. L. BEDORE. 32-tf

LOST— Pair of gold rimmed glasses in case; between Mr. [illegible] and Presbyterian Church. Will [illegible] please return to Mrs. [illegible] and receive reward.

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE OR TO LET—Residence and two lots on Dundas street. Ten acres and building with sixty horse power boiler, engine and shafting on West street. MRS. MIDMER, Millhaven.

WANTED—Newlaid Eggs, Live Fowl and Chickens. Honey, Dairy Butter, etc. Write for prices. Prompt cash payment. Satisfaction guaranteed. GUNN LANGLOIS & CO., Limited, Montreal. 49-d

½ TON FORD TRUCK FOR SALE 1917, a sacrifice. Have you heard about the Peerless Hand Milker. Ask your neighbor, Frost & Wood Machinery and Cockshutt Plows. Slated Roofing. Sold by SPENCER & SON. 34

FARM TO LET—One mile east of Odessa, situate on the shore of Quabbin Lake, consisting of 80 acres, more or less. Large dwelling house and excellent barn and out-houses. Public and High Schools in Odessa. Rent $175.00 per year and taxes. Everything in first-class shape. Apply to R. S. DAVY, owner, Box 15, Odessa, Ont. 49-d

COURT OF REVISION

Take notice that a Court of Revision will sit in the Council Chamber in the Town Hall, in the Town of Napanee, on Tuesday, December 9th, at 7.30 p.m., for the hearing of complaints against the Assessment Roll of the Town of Napanee for the year 1924. All parties interested are hereby requested to take notice.

W. A. GRANGE,
Clerk, Town of Napanee.
Nov. 17th, 1924.

ADJOURNED SALE

of Lands for Arrears of Taxes

County of Lennox and Addington

The unsold advertised lands at the recent sale on Nov. 5th, 1924, will be again offered for any price they will bring, on WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10th, 1924, at the office of the County Treasurer, in the Court House, Napanee, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Providing the price offered for any land is less than the amount due for the arrears of taxes and costs, or if no price be offered, the Reeve of the Municipality, or other authorized representative, may purchase the same for the municpality in which the said lands may be situated.

Interested parties may procure list at the office of the County Treasurer.

W. J. SHANNON,
Treasurer
County of Lennox & Addington.
Napanee, Nov. 11th, 1924. 50-c

FATHER AND SON BANQUET

HELD IN THE MASONIC HALL ON FRIDAY EVENING, BY THE BOARD OF COMMERCE

On Friday evening the Masonic Banquet Hall was crowded with a splendid gathering of men and boys for the Father and Son Banquet. The four long tables were prettily decorated for the occasion, and a splendid menu provided by the Committee. The sitting was arranged so that Father and Son sat together and promptly at 6.30 the large assembly sat down to their supper.

The principal speaker of the evening was Judge Mott of the Juvenile Court, Toronto. Judge Mott is one of the best known speakers in Canada, and owing to his high position, knows the boy problem thoroughly. Preceding and following the supper, music was provided by Walters' Orchestra, who also furnished the music for the community singing which followed the supper.

Mr. G. W. Gibbard, chairman of the Sports Committee of the Board of Commerce, presided as toast-master, the first toast being "The King," to which all joined in singing the National Anthem. The chairman then in a few words expressed the pleasure in having so many present, and extended to all a very hearty welcome.

The second toast, "Canada," was proposed by Mr. F. S. Boyes, in which he traced the difficulties and achievements in the history of Canada, dividing his subject into four parts. This toast was responded to by Mr. G. W. Morden, principal of the N. C. I., who dealt with the problem of immigration and the class of immigrants who will make citizens worthy of Canada. "Greatness is a quality of the soul and not of the body," "the world advances by thinking," and "Wealth of a nation depends upon the resources, plus men," Dr. Morden also stated that it was the hope of the N. C. I. to institute a Junior Canadian Club, composed of boys and girls.

The concluding toast, "Father" was proposed by Master Malsolm Corkill, who gave a masterly and yet witty speech, and was responded to by Mr. G. W. Cowle. The chairman then introduced the speaker of the evening, Judge H. S. Mott, of Toronto. Judge Mott expressed his great pleasure at being in Napanee and although he had addressed many [illegible] gatherings, this was the first time he had [illegible] me a little nervous.

The speaker took for his subject the various phases of boy life, and in his very early years of a child his whole affections are centred in his Mother, and the boys' first lesson should be obedience, and if this is adhered to the road to success is assured.

The second phase of his life is at the age of 10 or 12 years, when he begins to take his Dad into his confidence, as the ideal changes at this age. First impressions are always lasting, and he emphasized this point by several illustrations which he related. He then closed with an appeal to the Juvenile Court. No father can play a Dr. Jeykl and Mr. Hyde in the presence of his boy.

The third period in the boy's life is the chum period, and in the fourth period is the transition from the think of the abstract things of life. He should read good literature and think good thoughts.

His closing remarks were: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you, also, "Give the world the best you have and the best will come back to you."

On resuming his seat Judge Mott was given a great ovation.

A vote of thanks was tendered to the speaker, by Mr. W. A. Grange, seconded by Reeve M. F. Ashley, and carried unanimously. The chairman, Mr. Gibbard, in giving his closing remarks, advocated more co-operation by the men of the town to foster all sorts of healthy sport and to give every boy an opportunity of engage in athletic sports. He also tendered Judge Mott the thanks of the meeting. The meeting closed with the singing of "O Canada."

TOAST TO OUR FATHERS.

By Malcolm Corkill.

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I have been asked to propose a toast to our Fathers. This I think is the first time in the history of our town when such an opportunity has been granted to any boy on such an occasion, and I can assure you I appreciate the honor. But it is true I know one of the Dads perhaps as well as any other and yet one hesitates to propose a toast to them in public, for one has to meet them again when he goes home.

I take it that everyone recognizes the fact that the boys of today are degenerates and can never, by any stretch of the imagination, hope to compete with what our Dads did when they were boys.

Would you only listen to his boasting.

Would you only give him credence.

None ever shot an arrow
Half so far and high as he had;
Ever caught so many fishes,
Ever killed so many reindeer,
Ever trapped so many beaver!

None could run so fast as he could,
None could dive so deep as he could,
None could swim so far as he could;
None had made so many journeys,
None had seen so many wonders,
As this wonderful lagoo,
As this marvellous story teller!

Thus every man is a hero to his boy. And the boy has faith enough in the father to believe all this that he has to tell but when the father of a primary grade once asked the boy to give three reasons why the world is round and be answered, "You say so, the book says so, and dad says so."

I do not think that there is any dispute but that the boys of today are not as respectful towards their fathers as they used to be when they were young.

I never known to give a back word, then they always answered with a polite "Yes sir." But today that is different. It is told that an agent called at a house on the Palace Road the other day trying to unload some piano stock and on the gate of the home a young boy was merrily swinging. Well my young sage in search of a home? "Sure," answered the boy, "he is out in the pig pen, you can tell him, he has got a hat on."

We can never hope to fill our father's shoes, although we are often called upon to fill his more or less mutilated pants. In this and other ways our fathers are generous to an extreme, though often when it would extend to that point where they would consent to wear our underwear until the picks are all worn off.

And then too, our fathers have done more for us than we can ever hope to repay. Many a boy owes a rise in life in the world, on the toe of his father's boot.

But turning to more serious things we all must honour our father, not only for what they have done and are always doing for us, but because the sacred commandment has bidden us most solemnly to do so.

Gentlemen, I ask you to rise and drink with me the toast to the best chum a boy ever has, "His Father."

Wire Fencing.

Another car of fencing in. We can supply your Fall needs at once. WILSON'S HARDWARE.

South of the Churchill river in Saskatchewan there are ninety-two million acres of forest land unfit for agriculture. Of this area about one-fifth (somewhat over six million acres) has been set aside as forest reserves.

In the province of Alberta there are eight forest reserves, the total area of which is about 18,620 square miles. These have been set aside with the idea of maintaining a timber supply and conserving the flow of the rivers.

TOWN COUNCIL

Council Chamber,
Nov. 17th, 1924.

Council met in regular session, Mayor MacGregor presiding.

Members present—Reeve Graham and Councillors Simpson, Dunbar, Jewell, Huffman and Burgess.

The minutes of the previous regular and special sessions were read and on motion, approved.

A communication from the Canadian National Sanitarium re admittance of patients.

On motion the matter of sending a patient was left in abeyance for the present.

A communication from A. E. Gilbert, Toronto, re appointment to police force, was filed.

A communication from the Chairman of the Utilities Commission stated that the Commission had had bonded their Sec'y-Treas. to the amount of $5000.00 was filed.

Notice of a meeting of the representatives of municipalities at Toronto in reference to the development of further Hydro energy was read.

On motion the Mayor was authorized to appoint a delegate to attend the meeting.

A communication from the Standard Paving Co., re repairs to Dundas street paving, was ordered referred to Streets Committee.

The Clerk outlined to Council the arrangements made for the reception of Lord and Lady Byng.

Councillor Paul entered.

On motion of Councillors Simpson and Burgess, a special invitation is extended to returned soldiers to be present to meet the Governor General and Lady Byng.

On motion the I.O.D.E. and Red Cross Societies were invited to attend the reception.

On motion Councillor Simpson was appointed a committee to attend to the invitations to the returned soldiers.

The Chairman of Finance Committee reported that Mr. Wilson's transient trader's license had not yet been paid.

On motion the date of the Court of Revision of the Assessment Roll was fixed for December 9th, at 7.30 p.m.

The Fire, Water and Light Committee reported the firemen's pay sheet, $674.50, which was ordered paid.

On motion an account was sent to Mr. Harvey re the use of the town roller.

Mayor MacGregor appointed Reeve Graham and Councillor [illegible] to meet a [illegible] Poultry Fair.

ACCOUNTS

The following accounts were ordered paid:

E. O. Ingar	$ 1 50
Madole Hardware	84 16
Madole Hardware	3 72
E. Drake	3 20
E. Drake	5 50
R. Light	6 50
Wm. Schryver	75 00
H. B. Schryver	1 50
C. E. Vincent	2 00
W. H. Grass	2 25
Boyle & Son	1 00
Boyle & Son	6 00
Tax Collector, on salary	300 00
John Barrett	4 50

Council adjourned.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S RECEPTION

The Committee in charge of the arrangements for the reception of the Governor General, Lord and Lady Byng, of Vimy, have about completed the arrangements for Tuesday, Nov. 25th. The committee in charge are Messrs. Mayor MacGregor, W. S. Herrington, K.C., the Town Clerk, W. A. Grange, and Captain H. E. Babcock. Their Excellencies and party will arrive at 10 a.m. and will be immediately escorted to the Armouries, where the Band and "B" Company Frontenac Regiment will be stationed. "B" Company will form a Guard of Honor. After receiving the salute, His Excellency will be escorted through a line of Boy Scouts via the main entrance to the platform, where an Address of Welcome will be read. After the reply of Lord Byng on his own behalf and on behalf of Her Excellency, opportunity will be given for presentation to His Majesty's representatives. It is expected there will be a very large attendance from the town and the whole surrounding country, as this is the first occasion, we believe, that has ever been the case to greet and welcome so exalted and distinguished a visitor at Napanee. The whole proceedings will be concluded by 11.30 a.m., when the party will immediately entrain for the West by special train. The entrance to the Armouries will be by the side entrances, and it is expected that everyone will be at the Armouries promptly at or before 10 o'clock so that there may be neither delay nor interruption.

DESERONTO.

A delightful dance was held at Camp Summerside on Friday evening, under the auspices of the C. and C. Club. Ben Hoke's orchestra, which is so favorably known here, rendered delightful music for dancing. The dance was largely attended by Napanee. The C. and C. Club intend repeating the event at a future date.

The death is reported from Rochester, N.Y., of Jessie Margaret Stewart Carmichael, who leaves to mourn her loss, with the husband, one daughter, Mrs. Fred W. Bolz; one son, Fred W. Carmichael, and grandchildren. Funeral services for the departed on Friday, Nov. 14th, after which the remains were [illegible]

William [illegible]
Thomas A. Stewart, of the Stewart House, Deseronto.

As the majority of the farmers are busily engaged in fall plowing, the market suffered a poor attendance on Saturday. Buyers were looking for cellars and the farmers found ready sale for their offerings.

Mrs. Percy Palmer, who some time ago suffered an accident at the Canadian National shops, Leaside, which resulted in a fractured leg bone, is, with the assistance of a cane, able to appear on the street.

Deseronto is employed at the Canada Cement Co. plant, Point Anne, were week-end visitors in general to their homes in town.

The hunters have returned, with fair luck, several deer appearing on the delivery to-order to address. Venison steak is on the bill of fare for a favored few.

The railway through Deseronto is now in first class condition and the contractors have for some days been engaged in grading and setting up Thomas' Mill. Main street was put in good condition as far as the business section is concerned some time this year, and there are therefore now three good roads running east and west through the town.

Mrs. James Greene, Mill street, is spending a week in Toronto.

Mr. Hogan has returned to Montreal after a few days' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Purvis, Maple Avenue.

Mrs. J. P. Madigan is home again having been with her sister Mrs. O'Connor, of Hastings, for a month.

Mrs. Harold Covert and children, of Torrance, are the guests of Mrs. Nick Galt.

A successful tea, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of the Church of the Redeemer was held on Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. George Harper.

The ladies of the Methodist church held a towel shower at the home of Mrs. Russell Thomas on Thursday, in preparation for their bazaar, which will be held at an early date.

Mrs. William Ravin left for Toronto on Thursday to spend some weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Walter Wing.

Joseph Clarke is holidaying with relatives across the border.

Mrs. Herbert Mumby, of Osborne, is spending a week with Mrs. W. J. Malloy, Main street.

Mr. M. E. Wagar is at home again after having been moved to the local branch of the Standard Bank.

Mrs. Purser, of Stough, England, who formerly spent three years with her daughter, Mrs. Fraser, in Deseronto, is expected to return to Canada.

When Winter Comes!

May it find you fully prepared. Our line of Steel Ranges, Quebec Cooks and Quebec Heaters is now complete. Your stove taken in exchange. Stove pipes, elbows and A1 stove pipe enamel always in stock.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

NAPANEE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The regular meeting for this month fell on Armistice Day. Social functions and the Thanksgiving holiday made it impossible for many to be present. Those who were able to attend feel very much indebted to our townsman, Mr. W. S. Herrington, for his enthusiastic address on "The Empire." The speaker's theme was not of its vastness, its great resources, its population, etc., but "Why is there a British Empire and what creates it?" There are no documents, no treaties, no force but a great bond stronger than any written agreement, what is it and what has created it?

The component parts of the Empire were considered and how they came into being, beginning with the North American settlements. The French settled in Canada, the English and Dutch along the Atlantic sea-board. Then came the Seven Years War in which the French lost Canada. Soon the American colonies revolted and England lost America. Had the French joined the Rebels [illegible] there would [illegible] too many more would [illegible] if we knew the [illegible] force but a great bond [illegible] Two-fifths of Canada's population today speaks a language different from the English. What binds us?

We went next to Australia and saw its early penal settlements beginning in 1788, just four years after the honoured U. E. Loyalists came to Canada. Bad years along the Atlantic sea-board. Then came the Seven Years War in which the French lost Canada. Soon the American colonies revolted and England lost America. Had the French joined the Rebels there would also [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A BIG SALE | **We are here to shake this vicinity to its foundations, and so help me I will--Jack** | A Real SALE

CLOSING OUT SALE

QUITTING BUSINESS FOR EVER

MOST DARING SELLING EVENT EVER STAGED IN THIS COMMUNITY

The entire $30,000 stock of M. MAKER, of this Town of Napanee, has been placed in the hands of A. W. Rennie & Co., Sales Brokers, with implicit instructions to dispose of this entire stock of Clothing, Men's and Boys' Furnishings and Ladies' Ready-to-Wear, regardless of cost as the entire stock must be turned into cash. No reserve. All must go.

Everything on Sale

Come and take advantage. We are creating a buying opportunity never before witnessed in the Town of Napanee. We have decided to make this the selling event and a reminder of sales history for all time to come.

Entire stock must be sold

Sale starts Thursday morning, Nov. 20th, at 9 a.m. sharp

And will continue 16 days. Don't fail to visit this shop, as there is going to be a Cloud Burst of Bargains.

LOOK FOR THE BIG SIGN
And be sure and get the right place.

FREE HOSE

The first 25 customers entering our store Thursday morning, we are going to give away Free, one pair of Ladies' Silk Stockings, with every purchase.

YES!

We need no introduction to the people of this town, as we have been serving them honestly for the past 20 years, and realizing it is a great undertaking. To stage this tremendous Sale, we have employed A. W. Rennie & Co., Sales Brokers, to come and assist us. Now folks read and believe every word in this advertisement. Everything marked in plain figures. Come and expect to see wonderful bargains and you will not be disappointed.

M. MAKER.

FRIENDS READ THIS

I am not here to waste words. I have come to sell this stock. Nothing can stop me. It has been turned over to me with positive instructions to turn into cash, as Mr. M. Maker is leaving this town for good and returning to his native land on account of his wife's health, (he must go.) I have been given a free hand, and what I say goes, and my word is as good as my bond. I will forget profits. Our motto is to make this sale the talking event of the season, and will go down in history as the most sensational sale ever staged in the Town of Napanee. Don't forget the place.

A. W. RENNIE & CO.

Men's Suits

35 Men's Suits from the best makers, reg. price $20.00. Closing Out Sale.....**$9.98**

40 Fine Tweed Suits, all colors, reg. $25.00. Sale Price $13.50

Men's Fine Donegal Suits, [illegible] $25.00, Sale [illegible]

1c. Sale

Look up our 1c. Cap Sale
Ask to see our 1c Tie Sale.
Try our 1c. Sweater Sale.
Our big Ladies' Cotton Hose 1c. Sale.

Xmas Presents

If interested in giving your wife or your daughter or sweetheart a Xmas present, meet me at MAKER'S

Clearing

Our stock of Ladies Raincoats and Dusters. Prices from $5.00 to $10.00. While they last, $2.49.

MEN'S UNDERWEAR

Men's all pure 100 per cent. wool Underwear, reg. $3.00, Sale.....**$2.19**
Men's fleece lined combinations, reg. $2.25, Sale **$1.69**
Men's two piece fleece lined, reg 90c., Sale Price .....**72c.**
Men's 100 per cent. fine wool Underwear, reg. $1.50, Sale.....**$1.19**
Boys' comp. fleece lined Underwear, reg. $1.50, Sale **$1.19**

OVERALLS

No. 1 heavy Khaki and Blue combination, reg. $4.50, Sale Price **$2.90**
Men's heavy stripe combinations [illegible] $3.50, Sale **$2.49**
[illegible] Sale .....**99c.**

WORKING PANTS

Men's heavy Gottonade Working Pants, reg. $2.75, Sale Price **$1.69**
Men's heavy, all wool Pants, reg. $5.00, Sale Price..**$2.99**
Men's Khaki all kool Breeches, reg. $4.50, Sale Price **$2.25**

MEN'S SHIRTS

Men's heavy salt and pepper Work Shirts, reg. $1.50, Sale .....**$89c.**
Men's all wool heavy sport Shirts, reg. $2.50, Sale...**$1.49**
Men's light weight wool flannel Shirts, reg. $1.50 for**89c.**
Men's fine Dress Shirts, reg. $1.25, Sale.....**73c.**

MEN'S SOX

Men's good serviceable Wool Sox, reg. 35c., Sale....**18c.**
Men's 100 per cent. Wool Sox, reg. 50c., Sale.....**29c.**
Men's Mackinaw Sox, reg. $1.25, Sale.....**79c.**
Men's fine Cashmere Sox, reg. 65c., Sale.....**38c.**
Men's fine Silk and Wool Sox, reg. 75c., Sale.....**48c.**
Men's fine English Wool Sox, reg. 75c., Sale.....**45c.**

Men's fine leather lined Overcoats, reg. price $25.00, Sale Price.....**$16.90**

Men's heavy Tweed quilted lined Overcoats, big value at $22.50, Sale Price.....**$12.90**

Mackinaw Coats

Our new stock of Mackinaw Coats just arrived. Clearing in this big sale, $12.50 for.....**$5.69**

Men's special Coats now ready, reg. $10.00 for.....**$6.90**

Men's heavy Tweed Coats for winter, reg. $8.00 for..**5.49**

Men's special Vests, reg. $2.75, Sale Price.....**$1.69**

Sweaters

Ladies' up-to-date, new Brushed Wool Sweaters, in all the new Sand shades reg. $5.00, Sale Price.....**$3.75**
Ladies' Brushed Wool Sweaters, light weight, just arrived, reg. $3.00, Sale.....**$2.19**
Ladies' Heavy Sweater Coats, in new gigg-knit, reg. $3.00 to $5.00, Sale Price.....**$1.25 to $3.00**

Ladies' Silk and Wool Stockings, good warm weight for this time of the year, reg. $1.25 for.....**69c.**
Ladies' all wool Cashmere Hose, reg price $1.00, for **69c.**
Ladies' pure silk Hose, reg. 75c., clearing for.....**39c.**

Ladies' White Flannelette Nightgowns, reg. $1.50, Sale **$1.05**
Ladies' White Cotton Nightgowns, reg. $1.35, Sale **89c.**
Ladies' fleece lined Underskirts, reg. $1.25, Sale....**79c.**
Ladies' 100 per cent. wool Gauntlets, heavy weight, reg. $1.00, Sale .....**65c.**
Ladies' all wool fine dress Gloves reg. 25c., Sale Price**13c.**
Ladies' Silk and Wool Vests, reg. $3.00, Sale Price **$1.75**
Ladies' Pure Silk Scarfs, all colors, reg. $3.00, Sale **$1.35**
Ladies' Silk Blouses, big value, reg. $3.00, Sale.....**$1.49**
Ladies' Voile Waists, very new, reg. $1.00 and $2.00, Sale .....**49c.**
Ladies' Middies, clearing for Thursday and Friday....**89c.**
Ladies' all wool Combinations, reg. $4.00, Sale.....$2.25

Ask to see our big stock of Men's Pure Silk Scarfs, all-wool, reg. $1.00, Sale 69c.

Clearing our large stock of Brooms, bought at a very low rate on the $, for 39c.

Men's Sweater Coats

Men's coarse all wool Sweaters, reg. $2.50, Sale....**$1.39**
Men's heavy all wool fine Sweaters, reg. $5.00, Sale **$3.89**
Men's fine V neck Sweaters, reg. $2.50, Sale.....**$1.79**
Men's high neck Sweaters, all wool, reg. $2.25 Sale **$1.49**

Boys' Sweaters

Boys' fine school Sweaters, all wool, reg. $1.00, Sale**64c.**
Boys' fancy Sweaters, sport, reg. $1.25, Sale.....**89c.**
Boys' all wool fine Pullovers, reg. $1.75, Sale.....**$1.15**

Men's Working Gloves

Men's heavy horse-hide Gloves, reg. $1.50, Sale.....**79c.**
Men's heavy mule-skin Gloves, reg. 75c., Sale.....**49c.**
Also clearing on Men's Fine Dress Gloves at Sale Prices.

Boys' Pants

Boys' Tweed, all wool Knickers, reg. $2.25, Sale.....**89c.**
Boys' Tweed, all wool Bloomers, reg. $1.50, Sale....**69c.**

Hats

Men's Fur Felt Hats, reg. $5.00, Sale.....**$1.69**

Boys' Suits

Boys' Fine Tweed Suits up to 12 years.

Reg. $3.00 to $12.00

Our Sale price

$1.79 to $7.79

These are wonderful bargains.

Ladies' Corsets

Clearing our Ladies' Corsets for.....**79c.**

Yard Goods

32 in. Ginghams, reg. 25c., Sale.....**19c.**
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Come in and look around - We want to see You

M. MAKER

A YOUNG HOSTESS

She Entertained a Great Man Unawares

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Gladys," said John Oldershaw to his daughter before setting out from the family residence in the province of Ontario, Canada, "General Herbert is coming to see me this morning by appointment to talk over military matters pertaining to our Canadian part in the great war. I have been summoned to another conference of equal importance. I must rely upon you to keep the general engaged until my return. We have important matters to talk over, and I don't wish him to leave without our having the conference."

"What kind of matters?"

"Herbert has been fighting in Belgium and has greatly distinguished himself. I need the information he is able to impart. While recovering from a wound he has been sent over here to instruct us in the needs and necessities of the Canadian troops at the front."

"How long will you be gone, papa?"

"It may be an hour; it may be all day."

"Well, papa, I'll do what I can with him, but I don't see how I, a mere girl, can entertain a general."

The last few words were not heard by the father, who was hurrying away to catch a train.

Gladys Oldershaw proceeded to execute certain household duties which devolved upon her as her father's housekeeper. They were not onerous, and did not take up much of her time. When she had finished them she went out on to the porch and looked about her for some out of door occupation or amusement. The croquet ground looked inviting, and, taking out a box of balls and a mallet, she went there and began to play alone. But she found playing croquet without an opponent a very unsatisfactory amusement, and was about to give it up when, looking aside, she saw a small, slender young man whose clothes fitted him badly looking over the fence at her.

"Beg pardon," he said. "Is this Mr. Oldershaw's place?"

"It is."

"Is he at home?"

"No, he has gone to the city."

The young man looked disappointed. He asked how long Mr. Oldershaw would remain away.

"Father expects a man to see him today, a general who has come back from the war. Father told me he might be gone an hour and he might be gone all day."

A curious expression passed over the stranger's face at the mention of the great man who was expected.

"I don't know," he said, "that Mr. Oldershaw will have any time to devote to me, having the general with him."

Gladys made no reply to this; she evidently thought the man was quite right.

"What is your idea of a general's age?" he asked.

Gladys considered the question irrelevant but concluded to answer it. She said a general must be an old man; forty at least.

"I think I'll wait awhile," said the little man, looking interestedly at the nearby tennis court.

"You might put in some time at tennis," suggested Gladys; "that is, if you play the game."

"Quite well; very well play tennis without an opponent," was the reply.

Gladys told him that she was disengaged and would accommodate him. She procured a racket for him, and, climbing the fence, he took position for the game. He appeared to be an expert player, but was at a disadvantage in getting over the ground, dragging one leg after him with some slight difficulty.

They played several sets, and during the time occupied in doing so Gladys opinion of her opponent was being improved. He seemed to be rather gentle for a man, but amiable as well, and he was quite original in his way of saying things.

The game was interrupted by the approach of a very large man with gray moustachios, in uniform, who stopped and asked if Mr. Oldershaw was at home.

"Are you General Herbert?" asked Gladys.

"No, I am Colonel Waterman."

"Papa expects General Herbert to-day. I supposed you were he."

The colonel passed on, and Gladys turned again to her opponent in tennis and suggested that he might be tired and would like to go to the house and rest. He admitted that it was rather tiresome playing with a game leg, as he called it, and he wouldn't mind a rest. Indeed, he seemed to be quite exhausted with the efforts he had made. Gladys led him to the porch, pointed to a swinging sofa, and when he sat down on it insisted that the lie at full length and covered him with an afghan.

"I think you played too long," she said.

"Tennis is an active game," was his reply.

Gladys went into the house and brought out some refreshment for him, of which he partook and seemed to feel grouser.

"What made you think that man who asked if your father was at home was General Herbert?" he asked.

"Oh, he was so big and fierce looking. Then, too, he was about the right age for a general."

"As generals are not old. There are generals in the armies in Europe not over twenty five years of age."

"Why, I thought the captains and lieutenants were about that age."

"Usually they are, but sometimes a man gets to be a general earlier."

"How does he do it?"

"Oh, he loses his head and does something ill wonderful. I dare do in his calmer moments. It is mistaken for an act of bravery, and they promote him. If he does it often enough and doesn't get himself killed he may reach the grade of general."

"I don't think that's a very nice way of putting it."

"Its about true."

"How do you, a civilian, know anything about such matters?" There was a touch of irony in this.

"Oh, I have friends who have been there."

"I suppose they wouldn't take you in the army."

"Why not?"

"In the first place, you're lame; besides, you don't look very strong. And all the soldiers I've seen are rather large men."

"What if I were to present myself for enlistment as I am today? I would be accepted. I couldn't even be a private in the rear ranks. Funny, isn't it?"

Gladys did not see anything funny about it, but she refrained from saying so.

"I wonder," she said instead, "what is keeping General Herbert? Father said he had a special appointment."

"I wish for your sake," said the little man, "that General Herbert had come instead of your humble servant."

"I don't."

"Why?"

"How do you suppose a girl like me could entertain him?"

The little man laughed.

"What amuses you?" asked Gladys.

"That you should suppose that a man is a great big noble creature covered with glory simply because he is a general. How many generals' reputations have lasted as long as that of Alexander Pope, the poet, who had a miserable body and never a well day?"

"Papa contends," said Gladys thoughtfully, "that persons admire their opposites. That evidently isn't true in your case."

"I don't deny that I would prefer a more imposing stature."

"I don't mean that at all. What I do mean is that you, a delicate, sickly man, don't seem to set any great store by bravery."

"There are different kinds of bravery. Moral bravery is always admirable. Physical bravery is as liable to be found in a savage as in the most civilized man. That it is akin to the courage of a beast is evidenced by the fact that most men when they go into a fight are frightened out of their senses. When they get into it their brutal nature comes to the surface and they fight like brutes."

"How do you know how men feel when they go into battle?"

The little man showed a bit of confusion at the question, but was equal to the occasion. He said that he had read a great deal about soldiers.

"So have I," the girl retorted. "When I read about a battle I always wish I were a man and were in it."

"I once read a description of a battle written by a man who had just come out of it. He was writing at the field hospital where the wounds were at work. His battle picture made me glad that I wasn't in it."

"Oh, I suppose if one is not—"

She got no further. Hearing the gate close, she looked around and saw her father hurrying up the walk. On reaching the veranda he said:

"I am sorry, general, to have kept you waiting for me. But I see that my little girl has been good care of you."

"Your little girl has knocked me out at tennis."

"What! Tennis? With that wound of yours? Gladys, what in the world did you permit General Herbert to play tennis for? You have endangered his life."

Meanwhile Gladys stood mute with astonishment, to say nothing of confusion. It is said that all the scenes of a man's life are rushed before his eyes when he is drowning. Certain it is that everything Gladys had said to General Herbert came up to mock her. He came to her rescue.

"Oh, miss Gladys didn't know that I was even a soldier. She has an exaggerated view of what a general should be and what age it there are. I am sorry to say—an old fool too old to fight and too stupid to show others how to fight. But we have been getting rid of these fellows on the other side, and nearly all our generals are now good men. As for me, I have never yet had a general command, and I'm not in a hurry to get one. A brigade is all I'll get, anyway."

Gladys retired, leaving her father's guest to instruct him with regard to the necessities of the Canadian troops at the seat of war. By dinner time she had recovered from her embarrassment, and General Herbert had become in her eyes a greater man than if he had appeared as a six footer, booted and spurred, covered with decorations and swinging a big sword.

So long as Mr. Oldershaw was present G[illegible] was forgive tied. But after [illegible] it necessary to attend to certain [illegible] him to his study. This left the general and Gladys alone, and she came out from the house.

General Herbert has since rejoined the army and left a bride in Canada, nee Gladys Oldershaw.

ILLITERATES IN U. S.

Four Million American Voters Don't Know How to Read or Write.

There are enough qualified voters in the United States who do not know how to read and write to decide a national election, if they were organized. According to the National Education Association, illiterate voters number 4,232,111 out of a potential voting population of about 50,000,000. Including those who do not have the right of suffrage, the total of American illiterates is placed by the Federal Census Bureau at 4,931,905, but it is asserted that the number is more than twice as great, since the census authorities accept the word of those they count without submitting them to an examination.

America is far behind many foreign nations in point of literacy. England, Germany and all the Scandinavian countries have reduced illiteracy to a negligible figure, confined chiefly to mental incompetents, whereas in the United States there are 110 counties where one-quarter of the population is blind to the written page, and in some of which the percentage exceeds one-half.

The foreign-born illiterates—1,763,740—reside chiefly in industrial states where the educational system is good, and as many of the individuals in question are well along in years, the problem is resolving itself as the older generation passes away. Many cities provide special classes for their benefit.

Native-born illiteracy is a problem of the rural regions, particularly in the south. There are 1,842,161 negroes who have not been taught to read and write, and almost as many whites—1,763,740. In many regions of the south the population is as ignorant as in Spain, Russia or Peru. Not only does this prevent their fulfilling their duties as citizens; it renders them incapable of responding to educational efforts. The spread of disease such as the hookworm affliction to which they are peculiarly addicted.

Strikely enough, the number of illiterate males in the United States exceeds that of females, the official figures being, respectively, 2,540,309 and 2,391,696. In Europe the education of boys has always been more advanced than that of girls. Here, it seems, girls are allowed to remain in schools to become "finished" while the services of boys are drafted on the farm or in the factory. Almost 1,200,000 of American illiterates are beyond 55 years of age and their condition is considered generally beyond educational remedy.

Where Whiskers Mean Money.

There is joy in China, a cargo of walrus whiskers having just arrived from the Behring Sea, via Tacoma, U.S.A.

These whiskers were collected by traders from Eskimo hunters, who save every portion of the walrus. They are exceedingly stiff and quill-like, and from two to four inches in length.

Once in China, the whiskers are eagerly bought up by dealers. They are in great demand among Orientals, who think they make the finest toothpicks in the world.

TAKING A CHANCE

By LINCOLN ROTHBLUM

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"Jiggers, the boss!"

And upon the heels of the whispered warning Mr. Joseph Q. Hattisbury, heavy-footed and always sober, entered the sanctum of his private office.

The "Q," it must be stated, had been added to his name coincident with his appointment to the vacant presidency of the Consolidated Metals corporation, marking a very gradual rise from his lowly beginning as errand boy for this same business institution some 40 years back. There was about as much logic to his belief that the "Q," which stood for nothing, added a unique dignity to his name, as for his idea, assimilated through the course of his career, that heavy-footed walking was an indication of a "dominant personality." Of course, Mr. Joseph Q. Hattisbury would not have characterized it so, principally for the reason that he seldom knew the meaning of or how to spell words of greater than monosyllable length.

As the door, labeled in letters of warning as "Private," banged shut, a small, thinnish fellow, with deep-set eyes, looked up from the large sheet over which he was bent, and retrieving the lighted cigarette from his pocket, whatnot relievedly. His thinning hair and the telltale crow's feet about the eyes seemed to vie oddly with his boyish mannerisms.

"If it hadn't been for your 'Jiggers,' Helen, I'd've been caught that time sure."

Helen rested her hands, with their network of blue-veined ridges, on the keys of her comptometer. Suddenly, as longer be called exactly young, but an indefinable happy turn to her lips reflected a never-absent sense of humor. She was conservatively and economically dressed in a dark serge skirt which eloquently testified by its sheen its fourth year of continuous service. Black, low-heeled shoes and a white lawn waist completed the businesslike severity of her costume, relieved only by a small amethyst brooch fastened to the throat.

"Right you are, Rodney," she replied, but her voice did not have its usual buoyancy. The man noticed it.

"What's the matter, old scout?" he asked consolingly, getting up from his chair and proffering her a pack of cigarettes. She refused the collection.

"Tired, Helen?"

"Yes, I am—tired to think that you've got to hide a cigarette in your pocket as if you were a little kid, and tired of that," pointing contemptuously to the door marked "Private," "old-maid teacher."

Rodney smiled. "Let [illegible] on the old house all you.

"Oh, but I'm a woman and it makes no difference if I gush the keys of this comptometer to the floor. But you're supposed to be a man and make a name for yourself in the world. Does the prospect of making when it pleases the other fellow appeal to you for the rest of your life?"

Rodney stood silent. This was a new Helen.

"Look here, Helen, we've been working together now for nearly ten years right in this office, and you've never talked this way before. You know I've never dared risk starting something for fear I'd fail. So I've been content to put up with the old man."

"Yeah, you've got to take a chance some time. Shame, that for the security of three meals a day you've been content to lodge in a rut! Don't follow my example. Here I am well along in the thirties and still letting this thing think for me," and she gave the comptometer a vicious shove. "You get out, Rodney, and take a chance. A man at forty is still young these days."

Helen smiled at the unusualness of their conversation and her new role of adviser. She couldn't help smiling.

"Well, I'll tell you what," he answered, as he clapped his hands together to seal the bargain, "you suggest the venture, and I'll do it—or bust."

Helen laughed out loud. "Foolish," she said, without serious intent, "go buy a delicatessen."

Rodney's mouth closed with a snap.

"Jiggers, the boss!"

And as Mr. Joseph Q. Hattisbury reentered the outer office he found his employees seriously performing those duties for which he never let them forget he paid them. He tramped noisily over to Helen's desk. Despite her dislike for him, she could never help but feel that he treated her just a little more considerate that he did the others.

"I'd like to see those totals, Miss Bently," he said in stentorian tones, and Helen shivered as he leaned his portly frame over her. He did not seem to be paying much attention to the figures as he nervously fingered his watch charm. "Come into my office," he ordered peremptorily.

Puzzled, she followed him into the room, and Rodney looked up as the door closed with its customary bang. "Here's where she gets it," he thought.

Perhaps Helen was "getting it."

"Miss Bently," her employed abruptly began. He cleared his throat with a nervous cough and Helen fortified herself for the worst. "I intend to make you my wife."

Helen reeled.

"You've been a good employee for the past ten years," he went on, as if he were merely increasing her salary, "and I don't think you'll waste my money if I marry you."

He paused to cough. "Does the lady select the wedding day?" he crossexamined.

A hot and scathing refusal was on Helen's lips. Oh! The man's audacious arrogance! Was she nothing but another step in his upward progress? Did she have no choice? How long had she been under consideration? Was her position in jeopardy? The questions raced like flashes of lightning through her confused mind. Then as in a panorama there passed before her the years of confining hours, the toiling days and the [illegible] nights [illegible] —that one night now. The very white dress of her waist seemed to implore surcease from frequent washings and the shiny serge skirt silently pleaded honorable discharge from service.

And here was liberation! Within her grasp was material ease for the rest of her years. Helen hesitated.

"May I have time to think it over, Mr. Hattisbury?" she asked slowly.

He seemed puzzled as to what necessitated consideration. "Yes," he finally answered, "you may have a week."

As Helen returned to her desk Rodney looked up—and promptly down again. Helen was crying.

In the next succeeding days she was grateful that he did not question her. But Rodney was preoccupied in his own affairs.

It was the afternoon of the fifth day.

"Helen," Rodney called abruptly as he heard the last echoing footsteps of their employer down the hall, "will you marry me?"

—Helen's hand went to her forehead. Two proposals in one week for a woman who had reached her thirty-eighth birthday without any. Rodney came over to her.

"Listen, Helen. I've been thinking a great deal about what you told me that other day—about making something of myself. You're right. I've been in a rut."

Helen shoved her comptometer to one side. This was a new Rodney.

"So I went and stuck the six hundred I've saved up in the cutest little delicatessen you ever saw. It's got cans of stuff on the shelves and cheeses on the counter and cakes in the case and flour in the bin, and," he ran on excitedly without stopping for breath as Helen grasped his coat sleeve in the contagious enthusiasm, "there is a good trade. It'll be slow plugging at first, lot and lots of work, but—but it's a go, I've learned from her—" his arms extended. "All it needs—all I need is a wife—that'll make everything complete."

Helen could not speak. Something was choking her.

"I'll be good to you," he pleaded, taking her silence for a refusal. "I'll do all the work. Honest I will. I just want you to encourage me. Won't you please? It means—oh, it means independence!"

Rodney stopped. Helen was crying on him. He sat down on her desk and with one hand about her shoulder he patted her head with the other.

"Jiggers, the boss!" he called as the door opened.

But they weren't in time. Mr. Joseph Q. Hattisbury had seen. He brought one foot down after the other with a ponderous thud.

"Miss Bently," he snorted in high indignation, "after my talk, what does this mean? I cannot give you a week to decide. Choose now."

Helen stopped crying and looked from her opinionated employer to Rodney with his deep-set eyes still pleading his cause. The one held promise of comfort and of submission; the other, work—and independence.

"Oh, I'll take a chance," she said. "I choose the delicatessen."

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NOT SATISFIED WITH FATE

Most of Us Have Some Kind of a Grouch How We Have [illegible]

As a rule we all hold a grouch against life, because of the one thing that we think should have happened to us and did not. This is not a new idea; it has been worked over and over, but, just the same, if we take the time to look a little more deeply into our hearts than we sometimes like to do we are very likely to find there a certain degree of resentment against life, or fate, or circumstances because some one outstanding thing has not happened to us, something that we would have liked to have happened and which we believe would have contributed in large measure to our happiness. Of course, the something that we have in mind differs with each individual; it may be a blessing that we just missed or something that we never had the least idea of obtaining; it may have to do with our personal happiness or our personal success; it may have been the one thing necessary to round out a beautiful life or it may have been the one thing that would have brought us disappointment, but whatever it was we know that we longed for it with all our heart and because it never happened to us, and never will happen to us as far as we can see, we continue to want it and to feel hurt and injured because we have not obtained it. We may not look upon such a condition as a blessing in disguise because most of us prefer our blessings in plain view and beyond all shadow of doubt or misunderstand.—Charleston News and Courier.

Like Father, Like Son.

"When I went to college 25 years ago I played the mandolin and spent $300 a year; now I have a son who spends $3000 and only plays the ukulele. When I took a girl to a dance I hired a hack for 50 cents; now my boy writes that he thinks he will leave school because he can't find a garage for his car near enough to the fraternity house."

"We used to carry a keg seven miles into the country to have a party; Jim says one of the fellows can carry enough for the whole crowd without wrinkling the tail of his coat."

"I expected to go to work after I was through and pay back the money my father had lent me. My boy says he's going to look around for a year or two. He doesn't want to be rushed into anything not worthy of his talents.

"But when the ball's on the five-yard line with one minute to play, I guess Jim and I up there in the grandstand are pretty much the same."—Life.

Sir William Orpen.

It is said of Sir William Orpen, the English portrait painter, that only servants succeed in calling him Sir William. All men call him Bill and all women Orps. As an R. A., he was duly elected to the Athenaeum club, but it is said that, he has never had the courage to enter that haunt of bishops and other stand persons. Orpen is by common consent a great painter and a great success. He has literally queues of distinguished persons waiting their turn to sit to him for their portraits.—The Argonaut.

GREAT ESTATES BROKEN UP

Among British Lands Recently Placed the Market Are Those of the Camerons.

If one is not too deeply steeped in romance he may fail to feel remorse at the sale of many of the large Highland estates, for the greater part of their broad lands are of agricultural value. With Scotland it is rather different, for there is much that is no more than heath and rock, where there is no more than beauty and sentiment and romance, and that in every stone and sprig.

The real Highlander feels sad when he reads that the wide Cameron estates of 117,000 acres, including the domains of historic Lochaber and Lochiel, are in the market. They include a big sheep range and some valuable timber, but that is not all especially, for deer, black game and wild duck are not articles of trade.

In the old days the great lairds maintained these wild lands and their wild retainers out of their own pockets; now they cannot afford it and lands and retainers have to go. To all the Highlands, probably, there is no clan better known by name and story to the world than the mighty Camerons. The Cameron Highlanders, "The March of the Cameron Men," Lochiel's slogan and the Lochaber ax are spoken of everywhere.

There was not a Cameron among the "Seven Men of Glenmoriston" (who were Grants, Macdonells, Macgregors and Chisholms) but they were connected with almost every other episode of the gallant young Prince Charlie's sad and brief career. The beautiful estates now in the market were forfeited on that account, to be restored half a century later, this being the only break in the Cameron possession.

RAIL YARD TO COST MILLIONS

Freight Terminals to Be Built at Once at Los Angeles Will Cover 700 Acres.

Actual construction will be started shortly on a 700-acre freight terminal covering a two-mile strip along the San Fernando road, beginning at the North Broadway yards, by the Southern Pacific Railway company at a cost of several millions of dollars. This announcement was made recently by T. H. Williams, assistant general manager of the company, according to the Los Angeles Examiner.

The completed yard will be one of the most extensive and comprehensive freight terminals in the country. It will include sections for classification and receiving, car storage, delivery, repair tracks, stock resting corrals, electric power house and illuminating system for the yard, two 50-stall roundhouses, caboose tracks, drill tracks, water tanks and mammoth repair shops.

"The construction of this huge freight terminal at Los Angeles is the practical recognition of the tremendous growth of the city and surrounding towns and of the greater growth in prospect," said Mr. Williams.

In 1920, a normal year, one railroad company spent more than $8,000,000 for materials and supplies in Los Angeles. Its normal pay roll is approximately $1,000,000.

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Eye Specialist, of Trenton

Will be in his office, at Wallace's Drug Store, EACH SATURDAY.

Make your appointments early.

Hours : 9 a.m. till 5 p.m. Write, 'phone or call.

Feed Grinding

On Saturday, Oct. 11th

we opened the well-known

WATER POWER MILLS AT MILLHAVEN

for Custom Grinding.

M. R. MIDMER.

46

POULTRY FAIR NOVEMBER 26TH - 27TH

I believe every merchant in town is prepared to give you special values for the Poultry Fair.

I will give $20.00 Credit Note on purchase of any Piano, Phonograph, or Sewing Machine in stock to the person selling the largest turkey.

A $20.00 Credit Note to the person selling the largest amount of fowl.

Special values on Pianos, Phonographs, and Sewing Machines for week of Nov. 24th.

H. L. VANLUVEN

PUBLIC NOTICE

At a special meeting held by the Chas. Stevens Company, Limited, on October 12, 1924, a motion was moved and seconded and unanimously carried, to make application to the Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Ontario, to cancel the charter of the said Chas. Stevens Co., Ltd., and close up the business of the said Company as soon as possible.

Any person, company or corporation having accounts or claims against the Chas. Stevens Company, Limited, will kindly present same at our office, Dundas street. Parties interested, not living in the town of Napanee, can address the Chas. Stevens Co., Ltd., Drawer 612, Napanee, Ont.

Dated at Napanee, Ont., Wednesday, the 19th day of November, 1924.

Signed, CHAS. STEVENS, President and Manager.

51-tf

VanLuven

Try our Hamilton (Solvay) Hard Coke—Stove and Nut.

Good for Furnace-Heater--Range Lasts longer than other fuel. Better than ordinary Coke

Low ash—No Clinker—No Sifting.

ANTHRACITE IN ALL SIZES $14.50

—Call 92.

Pember's Hair Goods

For Ladies and Gents

J. B. KNIGHT

Will be at the

Campbell House, Napanee

—on—

THURSDAY, DEC. 4

Sole makers of Dorenwend's Sanitary Patent Toupees and Wigs. New styles including the new flesh color sight proof parting.

Mr. Knight will demonstrate and give free advice on all scalp diseases.

Telephone Hotel for appointments

The W. T. Pember Stores Limited.
129 Yonge St.
TORONTO, ONTARIO

For the Shooting Season.

Dominiou Ammunition, Crown, Canuck, Falson, Imperial Long Range American Ammunition, Expert, Western Field and Super X shot shells. Also rifle ammunition.

WILSON'S HARDWARE

Coal Maybee's Scranton Coal Coal

Office and Yard :
on the premises of the Napanee Canning Factory

Anthracite Coal, Bituminous Coal, Cannel Coal, Smithing Coal.

We handle nothing but the highest grades of Coal, which is shipped to us in cars, direct from the mines. Handled but twice, loaded at the mines, unloaded at our yard, hence we give our customers CLEAN Coal.

"It Pays to Pay for Quality"

For convenience of customers, accounts may be paid, and orders left at E. McLaughlin's, C. P. R. Office, John Street.

Office Phone, 149. Private Phone, 164.

GRACE METH. CHURCH

A. J. TERRILL, B.A., B.D., Pastor.

The pastor will conduct public worship at 10.30 and 7.

9.30—Class meeting.
11.45—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
Monday, 8 p.m.—League service.
Wednesday, 7.45—Prayer and praise.

Play.

The Deacon's Second Wife," in Grace Church S. S. room, Nov. 27th. Fuller announcements next week.

Repairs.

Winter weather requires good boots. Bring in those old ones and have them repaired.

SEYMOUR BROS., Near Post Office.

Shot Duck With Band.

E. Makin, of Moscow, has written to the biological survey, at Washington, D.C., advising that department, that on Nov. 8th, he shot a duck with a band number 301846 on its leg. The duck was shot in Mud Lake, Camden township, county of Addington.

The Market Grocery.

For a delicious, refreshing cup of tea or coffee, try Thompson's Standard blends. The greatest number of loaves of the best bread is made from Ogilvie's flour. We sell this flour with a guarantee. Save money on groceries by buying the best.

THOMPSON BROS.

Curling Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Napanee Curling Club will be held at the Curling Rink on Friday evening, Nov. 21st, at 7.30 p.m. All members of the Curling Club [illegible] members will be welcome.

E. J. CORKILL, President

Yarker Farm House Burned.

A fire which broke out on the farm of James Freeman, who resides a short distance from the village of Yarker, on Sunday evening of last week, completely destroyed the home and barns, as well as two horses which were in the stable. Harold Freeman, son of the owner, resided on the farm.

Napanee Wins From Picton.

The rugby team of the Napanee Collegiate Institute went to Picton last Saturday for the annual rugby game with their old rivals of the Picton Collegiate Institute. The game was played at the Fair grounds and was one of the most closely contested which has ever been fought out between these schools. In the first half of the game the Napanee showed a decided superiority and soon secured a touchdown, which was not converted. Before the end of the first quarter Picton kicked over for a rogue and scored another also in the second quarter. Lineman Carter Fraser of Napanee intercepted a pass from one of the Picton team and ran seventy-five yards to score a touchdown. It was converted and the score at half-time was 11-2 in favor of Napanee. But during the second half, Picton improved greatly and scored a touchdown on a fumble by one of the Napanee backs. It was not converted, but the score was now 11-7, which put the game within reach of Picton if they could score another touchdown. Their team tried heroically to secure the necessary points and on several occasions pushed Napanee back within their own ten-yard line. But in each case the Napanee line held, and the final whistle blew with Napanee in possession of the ball. After the game the team returned to the gymnasium where the Napanee boys enjoyed the hot showers which are so necessary to the comfort and health of a team after a hard fought game. Before returning home, the Napanee team were entertained at lunch by the Picton boys and a very pleasant hour was spent playing the game over again, while attending to the wants of the inner man. One feature of the whole day was the complete absence of any hard feelings between the members of the teams and the thorough sportsmanship displayed by all the players. As a result, the Napanee players are looking forward eagerly to the coming game with Picton here next Saturday, when they hope in some measure to return the hospitality shown them in Picton. The team is deeply indebted to Messrs. G. W. Gibbard, F. Boyes and W. Vine who provided them with cars to go to Picton ; also to Messrs. H. Daly, C. A. Wiseman, E. J. Roy and T. B. Wallace, who contributed funds to enable the team to hire another car. This interest shown in their sports is a great incentive to the boys to put forth their best efforts in their games.

DRY CLEANING

No matter how spotted or soiled your garment is, bring it here and let us tell you what can be done with it.

A complete Cleaning, Dyeing and Tailoring Service, capable of handling with care every problem of renovation and repairing.

JAMES WALTERS,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
NAPANEE

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church

Rev. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vicar.

8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30—Morning Prayer.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evening Prayer.
Thursday, 7.30—W. A. Social

A Wonderful Cabbage.

F. H. Lloyd, market gardener, Bath, took to market a cabbage, grown on his farm, and which weighed thirty pounds. It is the biggest and heaviest he has ever seen.

Poultry Wanted.

[illegible] you [illegible] that are not laying. Correct weight and fair prices are bringing us increased business. We buy any legal day, but prefer them Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Give us a trial.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.
47-tf 'Phone 103.

The Victorian Order of Nurses.

At the November meeting of the Executive Committee of the Order, Miss Gardner's report for October showed that 221 nursing visits had been made. With reference to her work in the school, the number of hours spent there were 36 ; and the number of children examined, 248. Child welfare work is being continued every Thursday afternoon in the Council Chamber.

NEELY'S.

Daily we are presenting for the critical and appreciative discrimination of a most fastidious public, new ideas in NOVELTIES and UTILITIES. The new Wallpapers for 1925 are coming along and PICTURES are framed same day they are brought in. The stock in the "Henry Bookstore" is being depleted rapidly." Come in and browse around." Christmas Cards unlimited and incomparable from any angle. We cordially invite the country women to have lunch with us on the afternoons of "Turkey Days," Nov. 26th, 27th, in our Lounge, south side Dundas street.

NEELY'S.
Either side of Dundas until Christmas.
51-ap

DENBIGH.

Mr. J. Adams, Jr., and Miss Collison, who were welcome guests of the formers parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. Adams, have returned to their homes in Peterborough, accompanied by Mrs. Adams, who intends to enjoy an extended pleasant visit with her son there.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Stein, of Charlton, where they made their home about sixteen years ago, have spent a few weeks here renewing old acquaintances and visiting some of their relatives in their native home.

Mr. Swindle, of Rochester, N. Y., has arrived to enjoy a visit at his old home.

A. Ritner, of Arnprior, is also payin ga visit to old friends and former neighbors here.

Several other visitors lately arrived to combine the pleasure of some sport during the remainder of the hunting season with a visit to their Denbigh relatives or friends, and our hills and valleys hardly ever have been so well visited by home and outside sportsmen as they are this season.

Mr. John Flake, of Plevna, was purchasing some cattle here for shipment and Mr. A. Koellner reduced his live stock some by selling him 34 heads.

Several complaints of sheep having been lost or destroyed lately again by either dogs or wolves, but no proofs what or which has committed the depredations have as yet been obtained.

TRINITY METH. CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.

10.00 a.m.—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public worship.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Bible Classes.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital.
7.00 p.m.—Evening service. Subject, "If Jesus Christ came to Napanee."
Wednesday, 7.45—Week night session of the church school.
Thursday, 7.30 p.m.—Official Boards will meet.

CAMDEN EAST.

On Friday last Mrs. Sidney Williams and daughter, Helen, entertained a number of her lady friends to an elaborate dinner, which was much enjoyed by the number of guests present.

Mrs. Stover entertained the Rev. Mr. Neal and Mrs. M. Switzer on Sunday last for dinner. Rev. Mr. eal preached the anniversary sermons in the Methodist church on Sunday morning and evening.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Huycke, of Randolph, sister of Mrs. F. Snider, also Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Frink, Odessa, brother of Mrs. F. Snider, spent Thanksgiving with her and Mrs. Fred Snider.

Mrs. Alvin Perry, and little daughter, Bessie, of Trenton, spent a week in the village with relatives.

Mrs. Susan Robinson spent a couple of days last week with her son, Harry, and wife, Bethel street.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Ball of Wilton road, entertained a number of their friends for dinner on Nov. 6, to celebrate the 30th anniversary of their wedding. A large number of their friends and relatives were there from Cole Lake, Camden East, Violet, Marie Avenue and Wilton road to the number of about 25. They sat down to an elaborate dinner with the bride and groom. After dinner the guests wended their way to the sitting room, wh[illegible] The couple received several fine presents from their friends. It was also their only son, Willie's, birthday, he being 20 years old, and a large crowd spent the evening with them. A jolly good time was spent during the evening. He also received several gifts from his friends from different places.

Glass !

Bring your glass and putty orders to us. Glazing done at the store.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

ODESSA.

The many friends of Percy Clark were delighted to hear that he had returned home from spending the week in the Kingston General Hospital.

Quite a serious accident happened last week. John Morrison, threshing at John McKnight's, was placing the belt on the wheel when he was struck on the head and taken to Kingston General Hospital for treatment. Several stitches were necessary for the wound. He is now at his own home again.

The many friends of Stanley Snider will be interested to know that there are signs of improvement. Mr. Snider has been in the Kingston General Hospital for over two weeks.

Among the recent purchasers of cars are Herman Vrooman and James Snider.

Among the relatives who attended the funeral of the late Mrs. S. D. Wagar, Enterprise, were Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Sproule, James Denyes, a brother of the deceased, and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Denyes.

Mr. and Mrs. David Marshall and little son, Graham, and Miss Stella Graham, Toronto, spent the week-end and Thanksgiving with Mr and Mrs. Thomas Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Smith, Kingston, spent Sunday last with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vanluven.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Thompson were guests at W. E. Toplift's last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rose, Westbrook, spent Sunday last with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Sproule, at the Dominion.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman and daughter, Vera, and Mrs. Harker, Sydenham, spent Sunday last the guests of Mrs. Lewis Snider.

Mrs. James Stevenson recently returned from spending some time with her son, John Stevenson, Albert, and Mrs. Robert Stevenson, Kingston, called at W. E. Toplift's one day last.

Mrs. William Jenkins and Mrs. George Ettinger, who have been visiting their mother, Mrs. Geo. Watts, and sister, Mrs. H. J. Smith, have returned to their homes in Kingston.

John Ferguson, William Frink and Joseph Lawlor are on a hunting trip to Kaladar.

W. G. Clark joined the Wilton hunting party also in search of game.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Smith and Mrs. George Watts were Thanksgiving guests of Dr. Harold Ettinger and Mrs. Ettinger, Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Hamilton spent the week-end with relatives in Madoc.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction.

We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS & TIERNEY
UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES

GOOD COMPAY.

If you have a little fairy in your home, or a big one for that matter, that's just the place where a subscription to The Youth's Companion will fit in. When the young folks bring new acquaintances to the house you are mighty careful to find out about them before admitting them to intimacy. In the same way you should make sure whether the men of friends that they make through reading are of a kind to inspire them or to destroy all the ideals you have been at so much pains to implant. Try The Youth's Companion for a year. See how quickly it becomes an indispensabiee member of the household, one of unfailing charm and constant inspiration.

The 52 issues of 1925 will be crowded with serial stories, short stories, editorials, poetry, facts and fun. Subscribe now and receive :

1. The Youth's Companion—52 issues in 1925.
2. All the remainin gissues of 1924.
3. The Companion Home Calendar for 1925. (Sent. only on request). All for $2.50.
4. Or include McCall's Magazine, the monthly authority on fashions. Both publications, only $3.00.

THE YOUTH'S COMPAION,
Commonwealth Ave. & St.. Paul St., Boston, Mass.

Subscriptions received at this office.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Wrestling strong men on a mat is strenuous, but it doesn't compare with fighting them in the open before a movie camera. Take the word of N. Poggi, noted Italian wrestler, who plays with Jean Gilbert in his latest Fox release, "THE WOLF MAN."

Also a good Fox comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Cissy Fitzgerald, she of the famous wink of many years ago, has come back to the screen as "THE SUICIDE BLONDE," in Richard Walton Tully's all star production of the Rex Beach novel, "FLOWING GOLD."

Also a good comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Josef Swickard, who became world famous by his wonderful portrayal of the father in "The Four Horsemen," is in the support of the latest western thriller of Fred Thomson's "NORTH OF NEVADA."

And a 2-reel comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop.

WASHINGTON PREPARES NOTE TO OTTAWA ON WATERWAYS.

Washington, Nov. 16.—Resuming correspondence on the St. Lawrence waterways proposition, the United States Government has prepared a note to Ottawa in reply to the Canadian note of Oct. 15, the matter of which has not yet been made public. The exchange of notes, it is understood, relates particularly to problems of the Joint Engineering Commission.

Persons close to the Government here assume that an early agreement with the Canadian Government will be reached. They point out that Western advocates of the St. Lawrence waterways project are becoming restive, and are beginning to criticize the Administration because of the slowness of diplomatic procedure.

Poultry Fair.

The annual Poultry Fair will be held in Napanee on Wednesday and Thursday, November 26th and 27th.

EYES ARE RICHES

"None so poor as those who cannot see !"

The care of your Eyes is very essential and something not to be neglected or put off.

SEE US—AND SEE BETTER

DR. LESLIE LEWIS

Above Wallace's Drug Store

OFFICE OPEN EVERY DAY.

Bring Your Maturing Victory Bonds to Us.

HOLDERS of Victory Bonds maturing on November the first, next, will find it profitable and convenient to convert them at this Bank. We are prepared to pay cash for such bonds of any denomiation, and suggest that for the sake of safety, simplicity and convenience you deposit your maturing bonds to your credit in a Standard Bank Savings Account.

BANKING FIFTY YEARS

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

NAPANEE BRANCH—R. R. White, Manager
Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE

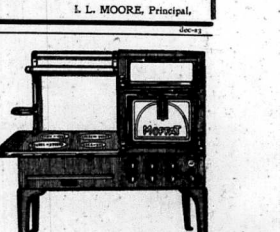
LIMITED
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
(57TH YEAR)

This College is famed throughout America for its thorough training in Bookkeeping, Accountancy, Stenography, Typewriting and all commercial subjects. Thousands of successful graduates prove the superiority of our work.
Write for free prospectus.

J. L. MOORE, Principal.

dec-23

Moffat's Electric Range



Ask the Woman who uses one

Hydro Shop

GILLETT'S
PURE
PURE
LYE
EDDY
THE E. B. EDDY COMPANY LIMITED
HULL, CANADA

"THE DEATH OF WOLFE."

Wood Engraving Presented to Art Gallery of Toronto.

A recent gift to the Art Gallery of Toronto is full of interest from various angles. This is a colored wood engraving by William Woollett, after Benjamin West's famous painting, "The Death of Wolfe," the original of which was given to the National Gallery of Canada in 1917 by the Duke of Westminster. The engraving now added to this city's collection is about two feet by one and a half, and is rich in color, that probably softened by the century and a half which has elapsed since it was made. The engraving was recently generously donated by Lady Campbell of Perbrooke, Hants, England.

Benjamin West, though born in Pennsylvania in 1738, went to Rome in 1760 and settled in England in 1763, before the Revolution tore asunder the ties of Motherland and Colonies. He had not intended doing, but the reception led to change of mind, and for nearly sixty years he held a prominent position among the painters of the country. On the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds he was elected president of the Royal Academy in 1792. West was a powerful influence for realism in art. His "Death of Wolfe" contained a startling innovation, being the first military picture to discard the old helmet, spear and shield and use the military regulation coat, cocked hat and musket with bayonet.

When the present Duke of Westminster sent the original painting to Canada, he said it had hung at Eton over since his great-grandfather's father had purchased it from the painter.

"I very gladly give it to the Canadian Memorials in token of my great appreciation of the magnificent part Canada played in the Great War," he added. The historical accuracy of the grouping has been questioned of late, in view of Samuel Holland's documents on the number of persons present at Wolfe's death, but that does not detract from its effectiveness as a brilliant composition and record of duty done in a moment of triumph.

Woollett, the engraver of the Toronto print, was a contemporary of West, and engraved the picture in 1776, five years after the picture was painted. The applause with which the picture was received in London, and Woollett's fame spread over the continents. He was a most careful worker, as is shown by a story. In the days of the public assembly of artists at the "Turk's Head," in Soho, a good joke had set the table in a roar, but Woollett was silent. When asked what he was thinking about, he replied: "I was thinking which way I should lay the lines on the coat of Gen. Wolfe." He had some self-appreciation, too, for it is said that he was in the habit of firing a cannon from the roof of his house when he had finished an important picture.

Most Ancient Home In England.

It is claimed that Lumley Castle, owned by the Earl of Scarborough, is the oldest residence in England. Lumley was first historically mentioned in the record of the gifts given by Styr, son of Ulf, to the church of St. Cuthbert during the reign of Ethelred (978-1015). The building continued in the state of a manor house till the time of Sir Ralph de Lumley, who fell at Cirencester, fighting against Henry IV. He had obtained licenses to embattle and crenellate his mansion from both Edgard II. and Bishop Skirlaw. The Bishop's license predated the king's by three years, being dated 1389. The place has been inhabited by the Lumley ever since its original erection, to that even if it be not the oldest residence in the county, it will be difficult to find one to beat it. The present owner of the family is a long one and brought forth the remark from James I. to the Bishop of Durham, who was explaining it to him, "Hoo, man, gae no further, let me digest the knowledge I ha' gained, for by my soul I didgno' ken Adam's name was Lumley." Lluiph, the Saxon, who was murdered by some Norman followers of Bishop Walcher, in 1080, was an ancestor of the Lumley family. This crime led to a rising of the Saxons in the bishopric, during which Bishop Walcher was slain at Gateshead in the same year as Lluiph met his death.

Felt His Job Was Safe.

A newspaper that was not making expenses decided to economize, and accordingly two reporters and a special writer were dismissed. The other employees became nervous with the exception of one man who showed no symptoms of uneasiness. He worked in what was known as the art department, for the journal published a great many pictures. Asked if he had had any qualms as to the stability of his job, he said: "Oh, no. They can't fire me." "Why not? They are cutting all along the line." "Well, I figure that the paper can't afford to make a cut in its art department. You see we have so many subscribers who do not read."

Working in Reverse.

"Gosh, old man, you actually are getting fat! What have you been doing to get all that flesh on your bones?" exclaimed the friend.

"Oh," said the former thin man, "I began taking the reduction dope, diet and exercises they prescribed for my wife and I began to pick up right away. And she started in on the tonics and diets I had been falling for to make me fat and she already has lost 20 pounds."

Oldest Lodge In Canada

When Hon. Edward Cornwallis, 175 years ago got Halifax laid out, and christened for an English earl of that day, about the next thing he did was to pass the word among all concerned that a Masonic lodge was about to be formed. Thus it came to pass that the oldest unit of Freemasonry in the Empire to-day, outside the British Isles, came into being in 1750. It is known to-day as St. Andrew's No. 1.

Chancellor R. V. Harris, who is well known to students of Masonic history throughout Canada, is author of an article in the August number of the Builder, a leading Masonic magazine in the United States, on the early history of Freemasonry in Canada, dealing particularly with the period previous to 1755, about which time Masonry was established in what is now Ontario. He has also written a history of his own lodge, St. Andrew's No. 1, Halifax.

The first lodge on Canadian soil was established at Annapolis Royal in 1738, by Erasmus James Phillips, an officer of the 40th Regiment of Foot, which was in that garrison from 1717 until 1758, when it took part in the second siege of Louisburg. Phillips was made Provincial Grand Master of Nova Scotia in 1738, and that was the first over what is now Canadian territory. The second was established at Halifax by Cornwallis in 1750, as previously mentioned. This was broken up in 1757, into three lodges known as Numbers 2, 3 and 4, and a Provincial Grand Lodge was established in the first of its kind in the overseas Empire.

"Lodges 2 and 3 have passed from the stage," Chancellor Harris said, "but No. 4 has continued to the present day. It possesses a large number of records and relics, including a punch-bowl presented to it by Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria; the chair which the prince used in his box at the theatre in Halifax, and quite old parchments, aprons and articles of regalia. There is, for example, a copy of the famous Bible belonging to St. John's Lodge, New York, upon which Washington was inaugurated as President of the United States. This Bible was used at the inauguration of President Harding, and the only copies presented outside the lodge have been those given the late President Harding, the Prince of Wales upon the occasion of his visit to the lodge, during his American tour in 1919, and to the lodge as the senior overseas lodge of British origin."

Mr. Harris is grand historian of the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia, and is engaged in writing the history of Masonry in that province, which was British territory at the time of the present Dominion passed into the English. He is also interested in the discoveries of Acadiensis, relative to Royal Arch Masonry in Quebec as early as 1760, and in Nova Scotia about the same time. He is also author of a pamphlet entitled "The Early History of Knight Templarism in Canada," in which he shows that the Royal Arch and Knight Templar degrees were conferred in Halifax and elsewhere by officers attached to British regiments in garrison at Halifax, Quebec and elsewhere from about 1758 onwards.

Commenting upon the fact that the first Masonic charter in London, Ont., also came out of a soldier's knapsack—either literally or figuratively —Mr. Harris said: "Military Masonry has exerted a very important influence on Masonry in early Canada. Inasmuch as practically every regiment of infantry in the British army has at some time in its history been in Nova Scotia, and every regiment, with few exceptions, has had at some time in its history, a Masonic lodge within its own ranks."

St. Andrew's has on its roll the names of many distinguished in Masonry as well as in public life, including ex-Premier Parr Grand Master; the Archbishop of Nova Scotia, Sir Robert Borden, and many members of the judiciary.

Mr. Harris, who is a lawyer by profession, was educated in Ontario, at Trinity College School, Port Hope, and Trinity College, Toronto, graduating in 1902, and is also a D.C.L. of Bishop's College, Lennoxville. He is a leading Scottish Rite Mason in Nova Scotia, and has the 32nd degree.

The Hissing Iguana.

In the Pacific Ocean, about 500 miles off the coast of Ecuador, lies a tiny group of desert volcanic islands, known as the Galapagos Archipelago. Here, among many creatures that never heard the voice of man, the dominant sound of life is the hiss of the sea iguana, a giant marine lizard that exists nowhere else in the world.

Darwin visited four of the islands in 1835 and found wonderful material for his "Origin of Species." The great marine iguana grows to a length of four feet and looks like its prehistoric ancestors, some of which were eighty feet long.

It lives about the seashore and feeds on seaweeds. At night it sleeps in a burrow dug in sand or in a rock crevice, while in the daytime it comes out and at low tide makes its way to the edge of the surf to feed. It will not live in captivity.

Inconsiderate of Them.

Friend—I suppose thee 're kept pretty busy digging graves?

Sexton—Sometimes I am, and sometimes I ain't. The trouble es people won't die regular.—Sydney Bulletin.

"Passing the Buck."

Nothing develops any human being quite so much as meeting every single obligation, real or implied, that he ever assumes. The present-day habit, known in slang as "passing the buck," is keeping thousands of men from success. Whatever you may have agreed to do, even if it seems unwise or unreasonable afterward, is the thing that must be done at all costs. To accept the full measure of today's duties and responsibilities automatically fits you for greater duties and responsibilities tomorrow. William Whitman in American Magazine.

ADOPTION OF CHILDREN

IN FOOTSTEPS OF PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.

Ten Maiden Ladies Have Adopted Babies In Ontario Since the New Legislation Giving the Child Rights of Inheritance.

Ten maiden ladies are included among the good people who have adopted as their own nearly two thousand children in the Province of Ontario during the period covering a little over three years that the new law relating to legal adoptions has been in force.

Ontario has for many years been famous as being kindly disposed to the idea of child adoption. Mr. Kelso, Provincial officer, has records that during the past thirty years 24,600 children have been taken into foster homes in this province, and that for the past ten years the average has been about a thousand a year all through the Children's Aid Societies and the other organisations he represents. In addition to this number charities like the Orphans' Homes, Boys and Girls' Homes and the Salvation Army are finding homes for approximately five hundred youngsters every year, while juvenile immigration schemes are also something like fifteen hundred more. Thus about three thousand children are absorbed into Ontario's home life each year, and Mr. Kelso reports that if complaints of ill-treatment crop up here and there it must be remembered that such abuses are in minute proportion to the great number where satisfaction is being derived by all concerned. Most of the children go into farm homes and the experience covering so many years is that the farming community of Ontario is exceedingly hospitable and kind-hearted towards the children. The few cases where abuse is alleged are often given wide publicity, while nothing is heard of the hundreds where the child and those who have assumed its care are happy and contented. Hundreds of children have been made wards under a simple agreement whereby the child may be returned or taken away on two weeks' notice, and under that arrangement about three hundred children change homes each year.

No child is ever adopted into a family under the new legislation passed in 1921 until the authorities are well satisfied that it fits there. To this end the old two years' period provided in the Act. But a small percentage of the children living in foster homes are yet adopted within the full meaning of this Act whereby complete guardianship is granted, and the child has just the same rights as if born in the home, but the number is rapidly increasing as the law gets older. In all cases now a temporary agreement is made and precaution is taken to see that there is mutual satisfaction before full adoption is arranged. Of the 1,940 children newly adopted since the new law up to September 1, but four have been returned, and in two of these cases the foster father had died and the widow did not feel justified in shouldering the responsibility of bringing up the child alone, while in the case of the children proved to be mentally dull, and were returned to the care of the Children's Aid Society.

Hardships entailed in some individual cases because such a law protecting the interests of an adopted child was not enacted years ago are many. Mr. Kelso tells of one outstanding instance in which a young man lost a fortune a foster parent intended he should have. The disabled young couple came to Toronto from New York about thirty years ago to adopt a baby. They had little trouble to take a child in their own city with its polyglot population and, besides, they desired strict secrecy. A fine boy a few months old was found for them, and after staying in Toronto for some time they returned with him to New York and he was reared as their own, none of their friends or the boy himself knowing any difference. Those foster parents both died a short time ago and there was an estate amounting to about $100,000, which the son expected to inherit. It appeared, however, that the foster mother had decided to her sister the story of the boy's advent to the family, or the sister had learned it by some manner, and the result was that an operative for a private detective agency went to Toronto and by searching the records found proof of the adoption sufficient to cause the young man to lose his property to other heirs. Under the new Ontario law there could not be anything like that in future, if the foster parents take advantage of it.

Now about the spinsters who have adopted babies since the new law came into force. Mr. Kelso declares that in every case the child has prospects of a happy life and a good future. He instances the enthusiasm manifested by one of these maiden ladies who is an affectionate person of substantial means with a home in a neighboring state and who spends her summers in Ontario's attractive country. It was at the latter locality that she confided to a doctor one evening her desire to adopt a baby if he thought it could be done without subjecting her to too much embarrassment. The doctor assured her that it could be done and that he would give her all the assistance within his power. After conferring with Mr. Kelso the doctor found an infant boy who was coming to a girl of refined family in his own practice. That baby is now a perfectly happy little chap with a couple of years before him. He has a fine home of his own and his foster mother is inordinately fond of him. Though the child is legally adopted as her son as far as Canadian laws go, the child calls the lady "Auntie."

Porcupine No Mean Foe.

Dogs have to be well used to the work of hunting porcupines or they have no chance. A porcupine will stop suddenly in full flight and as it were, instantaneously reverse engines, and come charging full backwards. The best dog I ever had, a bull terrier, was killed by this trick. He was absolutely without fear and simply threw himself upon the advancing avalanche of spikes, and was in consequence speared right through the heart. I can assure you hunting porcupines is not at all a sport to be despised.—Exchange.

Crossed Atlantic Unafraid

Little Sandy Mahomet Arrives

A very pathetic figure, as he stepped off the Canadian Pacific train, between the conductor and an official of the department of immigration, into the noise of shunting trains, the confusion of hurrying express trucks, and the bustle that attends the arrival and departure of friends, Samuel Mahomet, 293 Oakwood Avenue, Toronto, as the label on his little bag proclaimed him, paused for a moment, and then, overcome by a sense of loneliness produced by the loss of his friends of ship-board and train, burst into tears. A second later he was seized by his mother, from whom he had been separated for one and a half of his four years, and sobbed himself to contentment in her arms.

Samuel came to Canada on the Montclare, making the complete trip from the old land to Toronto by himself. Samuel was a favorite on ship-board, according to reports. He became particularly attached to the ship's nurse but was the pet of all the passengers and crew.

FINDS CALL STIRS HIM UP

City Conductor's Call, "Let 'Em Off First!" Acts Like a Tonic on This Writer.

That day does not start right when I do not go to work by public conveyance. I can motor to work or I can walk, as I sometimes do, as hear all the sounds incident to bus streets—the honking of buses, the shouting of the conductors, and the shouting of newsboys. These all help in getting me in key for the day's work, but they do not take the place of the conductor's call

on the railway platforms. "Let 'em off first!"

The command is given in a tone of authority that forces the passers to stand back. You meditate upon what would happen but for the trainman's solicitude for his passengers. The little blond stenographer who sat beside you would, without doubt be carried to the next station, or maybe a dozen stations beyond, and, being late, be fired. You yourself, for that matter, might be whisked on past your office and fall into a passion that would cause your breakfast to sour and make you surly all day. And there is always tragedy in that frame of mind, since a man so in the throes of the days or lose his nerves, his job, and everything.

"Let 'em off first!"—the command affects one in another way, too. It carries a connotation that one wants to get off, and that suggestion presently works itself into a command to you to get off—a sort of challenge to stay on if you dare.

You battle the suggestion manfully from one station to another, until, by the time you reach your stop, your mind is keyed up to concert pitch; you are thoroughly awake, and attack your day's work with an energy that is unknown to the man who, immersed in his morning papers, is lost to what is going on around him.—T. C. O'Donnell in Cartoons Magazine.

Particularly Cruel Murder.

An atrocious murder took place the other night in the village Bagnuli in Biskari, India. It is reported that a married Mahomedan woman was ill for three days and her husband after obtaining all the available assistance without any effect sat by the side of his wife on the veranda when some unknown persons got over the boundary wall and one of them fired a gun toward the couple. The husband was shot in the chest and died on the spot and a bullet passed through the arm of his wife. Vigorous inquiry is proceeding but no trace of the culprits has yet been found nor the motive of the murder ascertained.

Search for Elusive Vitamin.

Manufacturers of various foods and drinks have developed the habit of talking very freely about "vitamins" in spite of the fact that nobody has hitherto quite known what "vitamins" really are. Analysts have been hunting long and patiently and now success is reported, almost simultaneously from several sources. One of these comes from Japan, one from Washington and one nearly simultaneously from chemists in Toronto and New York. Vitamin A has been separated from cod liver oil as a semi-crystalline product of aldehydic nature by the Japanese investigator Takahashi. Vitamin B has been isolated from Brewer's yeast as a picrate by Dr. Atherton Seidell, of the United States Public Health Service in Washington. Vitamin D appears to be a mixture of three compounds which accelerate the growth of yeast.

He Followed Suit.

"The landlady threw my best coat and trousers out into the street."

"What did you do?"

"I followed suit."—From Everybody's Magazine.

"A Letter To Mr. Somebody"

By LOUISE OLIVER

(Copyright, 1924, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Philip sat thoughtfully down on the fire step of the trench. The German musketry had ceased for the time and all was quiet along the line. Three of the men in his platoon had been wounded and taken back to the first-aid stations behind the lines. But he hadn't a scratch.

Beside him, crouching in a variety of attitudes, were five of the boys playing cards. Someone had produced a dog-eared, muddy pack, and now they were having a round of jackpots. The entire crowd had an aggregate of less than a dollar, all told.

"Come on in, Pearson, the betting's fine," called Dorgan. "Sky's the limit."

But Philip shook his head. "It hurts my finer feelings to see my fellow beings risking their immortal souls. I can't be a party to the outrage. Besides, I'm broke."

"Poor Phil!" Dorgan drew three cards. "Lonely again."

"Who's he got to be lonely for?" Kearney, new to the company, didn't know Philip's history.

"Nobody. There is the trouble. We cusses here think we're killed because we can't see our folks. But did you ever think what it meant not to have anyone in the homestock for? That's Phil's trouble. He just naturally hasn't got anybody. That's what he's thinking this minute. I'll bet a jitney. Never gets any mail—never hears from anyone. By George, how comes Handy now with letters. Hurrah! The mail's in, Jimmy! All those for me, chaplain? Well, this is my day."

Philip sat stolidly on the fire step without moving, while the chaplain had no mail for him. All the other boys were busily tearing open letters and papers and hungrily devouring every word.

Then the chaplain stopped in front of him and put a hand on his shoulder. "My boy, I wonder if—" He put his other hand in his pocket and drew out a letter. "I don't approve of this—much. I don't know what's inside, but I'm going to leave it with you."

Philip took the letter eagerly and scanned the address. It was written in a rather angular feminine hand on plain white paper and directed to:

MR. SOMEBODY,
American Expeditionary Forces,
France.

Puzzled, he slid his trench knife under the flap and drew out the closely written folded pages. The letter began: "Dear Mr. Somebody: Before you read my letter I'm going to ask a favor of you. Don't get getting mail from home and friends. If you are, they do not take the place of the contact

on the railway platforms. "Let 'em off first!"

The command is given in a tone of authority that forces the passers to stand back. You meditate upon what would happen but for the trainman's solicitude for his passengers. The little blond stenographer who sat beside you would, without doubt be carried to the next station, or maybe a dozen stations beyond, and, being late, be fired. You yourself, for that matter, might be whisked on past your office and fall into a passion that would cause your breakfast to sour and make you surly all day. And there is always tragedy in that frame of mind, since a man so in the throes of the days or lose his nerves, his job, and everything.

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POULTRY FAIR

The annual Poultry Fair for this district has been arranged for

Wednesday and Thursday, NOVEMBER 26TH AND 27TH.

Buyers have been notified and have advised that they will have their representatives here.

Bring all poultry to the Market Square for inspection.

By order.

W. A. GRANGE,
Town Clerk.

Dated Nov. 3rd, 1924. 49-d

Brick

Special Prices to clear out the yard.

W. H. J. HAINES
TAMWORTH, ONTARIO
24-tf

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the estate of Catherine Kearns, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to Chapter 121 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1914, Section 56, and amending Acts, that all persons having any claims or demands against the estate of Catherine Kearns, late of the Township of Camden, in the County of Lennox and Addington, spinster, deceased, who died on or about the 10th day of October, A.D., 1924, are required to deliver or send by post prepaid to U. M. Wilson, Napanee, Ontario, solicitor for Patrick Kearns, Administrator of the estate of the said Catherine Kearns, deceased, on or before the 4th day of December, A.D., 1924, their christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, with full particulars of their claims or demands duly verified, and the nature of the security (if any) held by them.

And further take notice that after the said 4th day of December, A.D., 1924, the said Administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate amongst the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to claims or demands of which he shall then have received notice, and shall not be liable for the said assets, or any part thereof so distributed, to any person or persons of whose claims or demands he shall not have received notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

U. M. WILSON,
Solicitor for the said Administrator.

Dated this 6th day of November, 1924. 50-d

MORTGAGE SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power contained in a certain mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, subject to a reserve bid, on Thursday, December 4th, 1924, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of T. B. German, 60 John Street, Napanee, Ontario, the following property, namely:

All and singular those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Township of Richmond in the County of Lennox and Addington, and Province of Ontario, and being composed of all that part of the West half of lot number sixteen in the third concession of the said Township of Richmond, lying north of the travelled road crossing said lot and east of the side road to Selby and all that part and lot number fifteen in the said third concession, containing seventy acres more or less, except all that part of said lot owned by the said Mortgagor excepting a small portion heretofore conveyed to the said Township of Richmond for gravel.

The above is a very desirable farm property situate on the 2nd concession and is favored with exceptional conveniences and should be a most attractive opportunity for those wishing to purchase a farm.

The property will be offered subject to conditions of sale which will be produced at the time of sale.

TERMS OF SALE: 10 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale and the balance to be paid within 10 days thereafter.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to T. B. German, Esq., Barrister-at-law, Napanee, Ontario.

T. B. GERMAN,
Solicitor for the Mortgagee
50-d

PUBLIC NOTICE

SPECIAL MEETING OF THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

Take Notice that pursuant to the provision of Section 290 of the Municipal Act, the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the County of Lennox and Addington will take into consideration passing and if approved by the majority of the Council will pass at its meeting specially called for said purpose to be held on Wednesday the 17th day of December, 1924, at the hour of 7 p.m., at its Chambers in the Court House, in the Town of Napanee, a By-law to borrow the sum of $20,000 for the purpose of assisting in meeting the current expenditures of the County during the year 1924 unprovided for.

W. G. WILSON,
County Clerk.

Dated 27th October, 1924. 48-d

NOTICE!

HOUSE TO RENT

On east side of Robert street, near Park. Good cellar, electric lights, sink, bath and toilet. Reasonable rent.

Apply to

Fred A. Perry,

NAPANEE

Opposite Campbell House

Bring your own can and try DAVY & ALLISON'S special Fly Oil at 75c. per gallon, will not burn or blister.

Wireless Waves Bent by Coast Lines.

It has been suspected for some time that ether waves are refracted by the shore lines of large bodies of water. Recent observations bear out the theory and seem to prove that the amount of refraction varies with the length of the wave and the angle at which it crosses the shore. This is to be classed as one of the late discoveries, as it was not generally known during the war.

Most Boastful of Mortals.

Some of the proudest men we have ever known were those who took a cold bath every morning. Next to the man who, for five minutes, shave himself better than a barber can do it, the one who takes a cold bath every morning is the peacock of the human race. — Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Ancient Song.

The English-speaking peoples' song of acclamation, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," is sung to a tune that has been popular for a thousand years or more. Composed, it is said, in Babylon, the ancient Egyptians popularized it in Africa and Asia Minor, where the Arabs sing it to this day.

Decorated Boxes.

Decorated boxes can be put to various uses. Take tin boxes of various shapes and enamel inside and out. Cut out colored paper decorations or use cretonne and glue it on the box. If paper is used, the boxes should be varnished.

The WRECKERS
By FRANCIS LYNDE

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You needn't tell me that we had no right to sit there listening; it know it well enough. On the other hand, I was just shirky enough to shift the responsibility to Maisie Ann. She didn't make any move to duck, so I didn't.

"You came out to see Cousin Basil?" Mrs. Sheila was saying to the boss. And then: "He had a telephone call from the Bullard, and he asked me to tell you to wait." After that, I guess she sat down to help him wait, for pretty soon we heard her say: "Cousin Basil has told me a little about the new trouble: have you been having another bad quarter of an hour?"

"The worst of the lot," the boss said gravely, and from that he went on to tell her about the Hatch visit and what had come of it; how the co-operators had a new claw hold on him, now, made possible by an unwarranted piece of meddling on the part of the New York people in the political game.

It was while he was talking about this that Maisie Ann grabbed me by the wrist and dragged me bodily into the darkened front parlor, the door to which was just on the other side of the coat rack. I thought she had come to her right senses, at last, and was making the shift to break off the eavesdropping. That being the case, I was simply horrified when I found that she was merely fixing it so that we could both see and hear. The sliding doors between the two parlors were cracked open about an inch, and before I realized what she was doing she had pulled me down on the floor beside her, right in front of that crack.

"If you move or make a noise, I'll scream and they'll come in here and find us both!" she hissed in my ear; and because I didn't know what else to do with such a kiddish little termagant, I sat still. It was dastardly, I know; but what was I to do?

When the boss finished telling her about the Hatch talk, Mrs. Sheila said: "You mean that Mr. Dunton and his associates sent somebody out here to influence the election?"

"Yes; that is it, precisely. But how did you know?"

"You made the inference perfectly plain," she countered. "I have a resourceful mind, Graham; haven't you discovered it before this?"

The boss nodded soberly. "I have discovered a good many things about you during the past few months, one of them is that there was never another woman like you since the world began."

Knowing, as I did, that she had a husband alive and kicking around somewhere, it seemed as if I just couldn't stay there and listen to what a break of that kind on the boss' part was likely to lead up to. But Maisie Ann gripped my wrist and held me.

"You must listen!" she whispered fiercely. "You're taking care of him, and you've got to know!"

As on many other earlier occasions, Mrs. Sheila slid away from the sentimental side of things just as easy as turning your hand over.

"You are too big a man to let an added difficulty defeat you now," she remarked calmly, going back to the business field. "You are really making a miraculous success. I have just spent two weeks in the capital, as you know, and everybody is talking about you. They say you are in a fair way to solve the big problem—the problem of bringing the railroads and the people together in a peaceable and permanent partnership—which is as it should be."

"It can be done; and I could do it right here on the Pioneer Short Line if I didn't have to fight so many different kinds of devils at the same time," said the boss, scowling down at the fire in the grate. And then with a quick jerk of his head in my direction: "You sent the major a wire from the capital last night, telling him to persuade me not to go to Strathcona. Why did you that? And how did you know I was thinking of going?"

For the first time in the whole six months I saw Mrs. Sheila get a little flustered, though she didn't show it much, only a little more color in her cheeks.

"Some day, perhaps, I may tell you, but I can't now," she said sort of hurriedly. And then: "You mustn't ask me."

"But you did send the wire?"

"Yes."

"And you also sent another to Upton Van Britt?"

"I did."

The boss smiled. "That second message was an after-thought. You were afraid I'd be stubborn and go, anyway. That was some more of your marvelous inner reasoning. Tell me, Sheila, did you know that there was going to be a broken rail-joint set to kill me on that trip?"

That got her in spite of her heavenly calm and I could see her press her pretty lips together hard.

"Was that what they did?" she asked, a bit trembly.

He nodded. "Van Britt was on the pilot engine ahead of my car, and he found it. There was no harm done. It was bad enough, God knows, to set a trap that would have killed everybody on my train; but this other thing that has been pulled off tonight is even worse. Mr. Dunton and his unprincipled followers have set a thing on foot here which is due to grind us all to powder. Past that, they have contrived to handcuff me so that I can't make a move without pulling down consequences of a personal nature upon President Dunton, himself."

"Now my 'marvelous inner reasoning' has gone quite blind," she said, with a queer little smile. "You'll have to explain."

"It's simple enough," said the boss shortly. "If Mr. Dunton had sent only hired emissaries out here to bribe the members of the legislature—but he didn't; he included a member of his own family."

I was looking straight at Mrs. Sheila as he spoke, and I saw a sudden frightened shock jump into the slate-grey eyes. Just for a second. Before you could count one, it was gone and she was saying quietly:

"A member of his own family? That is very singular, isn't it? Was there—was this thing that was done actually criminal?" she asked, just breathing it at him.

"It was, indeed. The election laws of this state have teeth. It is a penitentiary offense to bribe either the electorate or the lawmakers."

There was silence for a little time, and she was no longer looking at him; she was staring into the heart of the glowing coals in the grate-basket. By and by she said: "You haven't told me this man's name—the one who did the thing you know it."

I knew that without the least bit of doubt, and he did it; took the slip of paper that Dedmon had written on from his pocket and passed it across to her. If there was another shock for her none of us could see it, for she had her face turned away when she looked at the name on the paper. Pretty soon she said, sort of drearily:

"Once you told me that the true test of any human being came when he was asked to eliminate the personal factor; to efface himself completely in order that his cause might prosper. Do you still believe that?"

"Of course. That is the day's work. Any cause worth while is vastly bigger than any man who is trying to advance it."

"Than any man, yes; but for a woman, Graham; wouldn't you allow something for the woman?"

"I thought we had agreed long ago that there is no double standard, either in morals or ethics—calling for the man and another for the woman. That is your own attitude, isn't it?"

She didn't say whether it was or not. She was holding the bit of paper he had given her so that the light from the fire fell upon it; when she said: "I suppose your duty is quite clear. In the slang of the street, you must 'beat Mr. Hatch to it.' You must be the first to denounce this bribery, clearing yourself and letting the ax fall where it will."

The boss was shaking his head a bit doubtfully.

"It isn't quite so simple as that," he objected. "I don't know that I'd have any compunctions about sending Collingwood to the dump. If the half of what they say of him is true, he is a spineless degenerate, and hardly worth saving. But to do as you suggest would be open rebellion, you know; while Dunton remains president, I am his subordinate, and if I should expose him and his nephew, the situation here would become simply impossible."

"Well?" she prompted.

"Such a move would rightly and properly bring a wire demand for my resignation, of a nature that couldn't be ignored—only it wouldn't, because I should anticipate it by resigning first. That is a small matter, introducing the personal element. But the results to others; to the men of my staff and the rank and file, and to the public, which, as you say, is just beginning to realize some of the benefits of a real partnership with its principal railroad; these things can't be so easily ignored."

"You have thought of some other expedient?"

"No; I haven't got that far yet. But I am determined that Hatch shall not be allowed to work his graft a second time upon the people who are trusting me. I believe in the new policy we are trying out. I'd fling my own fortune into the gap if I had one, and, more than that, I'd pull in every friend I have in the world if by so doing I could stand the Pioneer Short Line upon a solid foundation of honest ownership. That is all that is needed in the present crisis—absolutely all."

He was on his feet now and tramping back and forth on the hearth rug. At one of this back-turnings I saw Mrs. Sheila reach out quickly and lay the bit of paper with its accusing scrawl on the glowing coals. Then she said, quite calm again:

"In time to come you will accomplish even that, Graham—this change of ownership that we have talked of and dreamed about. It is the true solution of the problem; not government ownership, but ownership by the people who have the most at stake—the public and the workers. You are a strong man, and you will bring it about. But this other man—who is not strong; the man whose name was written upon the bit of paper I have just thrown into the fire . . ."

He wheeled quickly, and what he said made me feel as if a cold wind were blowing up the back of my neck, because I hadn't dreamed that he would remember Collingwood well enough to recognize him in that passing moment on the sidewalk.

"That man," he muttered, sort of gratingly: "I had completely forgotten. He was here just a little while ago. I met him as I was coming in. Did he come to see your cousin—the major?"

"No," she said, matching his low tone; "he came to see me."

"You?"

"Yes. Finding himself in a pitfall which he has digged with his own hands, he is like other men of his kind; he would be very glad to climb out upon the shoulders of a woman."

I guess the boss saw red for a minute, but the question he asked had to come.

"By what right did he come to you, Sheila?"

"By what right did he doubtless think he

"He is My Husband."

had? He is my husband."

It was out at last, and the boss' poor little house of cards that I knew he had been building all these months had got its knock-down in just those four quietly spoken words. As well as I knew him, I knew what he would do or say. But he was such a splendid fighter that I might have known.

"I heard, no longer ago than this afternoon, that you were not—that your husband was still living," he said, speaking very gently. "I didn't believe it—not fully—though I saw that there might easily be room for the belief. It makes no difference, Sheila. You are my friend, and you are blameless. But before we go any farther I want you to believe that I would never have been brutal enough to give you that bit of paper if I had remotely suspected that Collingwood was the man."

She didn't make any answer to that, and after a while he said: "Having told me so much, can't you tell me a little more?"

"There isn't much to tell, and even the little is commonplace and—and disgraceful," she replied, with a touch of weariness that was fairly heart-breaking. "Don't ask me why we were married; I can't explain that, simply because I don't know, myself. It was arranged between the two families, and I suppose Howie and I always took it for granted. I can't even plead ignorance, for I have known him all my life."

"Go on," said the boss, still speaking as gently as a brother might have.

"Howie was a spoiled child, an only son, and he is a spoiled man. I stood it as long as I could—I hope you will believe that. But there are some things that a woman cannot stand, and—"

"I know," he broke in. "So you came out here to be free."

"It is four years since we have lived together," she went on, "and for a long time I hoped he would never find out where I was. There was no divorce. I had taken my mother's name, and only Cousin Basil and his wife knew that I was not what perhaps *every one else* took me to be,—a widow with a dead husband instead of a living one."

"Did Collingwood try to find you?"

"No, I think not. But when he was here last spring with his Uncle Breckenridge he saw me and found out that I was living here with Cousin Basil."

"Did he try to persecute you?"

"No, not then. I was afraid of only one thing; that he might drink too much and—and talk. Part of the fear was realized. He saw—me that Sunday night in the Bullard. That was why he was trying to fight the hotel people—because they wouldn't let him come up-stairs. I saw what you did, and I was sorry. I couldn't help feeling that in some way it would prove to be the beginning of a tragedy."

"You saw no more of him then?"

"Yes; I neither saw him nor heard of him until about a month ago when he came west with a man named Bullock—a New York attorney. I didn't know why he came, but I thought it was to annoy me."

"And he has annoyed you?"

"Until this night he has never missed an opportunity of doing so when he could dodge Cousin Basil. It was his taunting boast yesterday at the capital that led me to telegraph Cousin Basil and Upton Van Britt about your trip to Strathcona. He knew that you were going to the gold camp, and he declared to me that you'd never come back alive."

"But tonight," the boss persisted. "What did he want tonight?"

"He wanted to—to use me. He said that he had 'put something across' for his uncle that he had gotten into trouble for, and that—to use his own phrase again, you were the man who would try to 'get his goat.'"

"And his object in telling you this?" he asked, quite entirely worthy of the man. He asked me, or rather I should say, commanded me, to 'choke you off.' And, of course, he added the insult. He said I was the one who could do it."

"Without intending to, you have tied my hands," the boss said gravely. "I wasn't meaning to spare Collingwood if there were any way in which I could use him as a club to knock Hatch out of the game."

"I haven't asked you to spare him."

"No. I know you haven't. But the fact remains that he is your husband. [—]"

The interruption was the opening and closing of the front door and the heavy tread of the major in the hall. In a rush Mrs. Sheila was up and getting ready to vanish through the door that led to the dining room. With her hand on the door-knob she shot a quick question at the boss.

"How much will you tell Cousin Basil?"

"Nothing of what you have told me."

"Thank you," she whispered back; "you are as big in your friendship as you are in other ways." And with that she was gone.

It was right along in the same half-minute, while the boss was standing with his back to the fire and the major was going in to talk to him, that I felt Maisie Ann. I don't know where she was—or how. She had let go of my wrist, and for the moment she was gone. Since I didn't see any good reason why I should stay and spy upon the boss and the major, I slipped out to the hall and curled up on the big settee beyond the coat rack; curled up, and after listening a while to the drone of voices in the farther room, went to sleep.

It was away deep in the night when the boss took hold of me and shook me awake. The long talk was just getting itself finished, and the major had left the front door with his guest.

"We must manage to pull Collingwood out of it in some way," the major was saying. "I don't love the d—d scoundrel any better than you do myself, but that's a reason—a family reason, as you might say." Then he switched off quickly. "You haven't asked me yet why I ran away from home this evenin' when I was expecting you."

"No," said the boss. "Sheila told me that you had a telephone call to the Bullard."

The old Kentuckian chuckled. "Yes, sah; and you'd never guess in a thousand years who sent the call, or what was wanted. It was our friend Hatch, and no other. And he had the face to offeh me ten thousand dollahs a year to act as consulting counsel for him against the railroad company!"

"Of course you accepted," said the boss, meaning just the opposite.

The major chuckled again. "I talked with him long enough to find out about where he stood. He thinks he's got you by the neck, but, like most men of his breed, he's a paltry coward, and, at heart."

The boss laughed. "What is he afraid of?"

"He is afraid of his life. He told me, with his eyes buggin' out, that he was one man with his hand in Pearl City who would kill him to get possession of certain papehs that were locked up in the cash vault of the Security National."

The boss was pulling on his gloves. "I didn't give him any reason to think that I was anxious to murder him," he said.

"Oh, no, my deah boy; it isn't you, at all. It's Howie Collingwood. That's where we land afteh all is said and done. Youh hands are tied, and we've got this heah young maniac to deal with. If Collingwood gets about three ingehs of red likkeh under his belt, why, thah's one murder in prospect. And if Hatch has any reason to think that you can still get the underbelt on him, why, thah's another. I'm glad you've seen fit to take Ripley's advice at last, and got you a bodyguard.'

"What's that?" queried the boss. But the query was answered a minute later when we hit the sidewalk for the tramp back to town and Turbell fell in to walk three steps behind us all the way to the door of the railroad club.

It sure did look as if things were just about as bad as they could ever be, now. Hatch once more on top, the whole bottom knocked out of the railroad experiment, our good name for political honesty gone glimmering, and, worst of all, perhaps, the boss' big heart broken right in two over those four little words that nothing could ever rub out—"he is my husband." I didn't wonder that the boss said never a word in all that long walk down-town, or that he forgot to tell me good-night when he locked himself up in his room at the club.

CHAPTER XV

The Dipsomaniac

In a day when bunched money, however arrogant it may be, has been taught to go sort of softly, the Hatch people were careful not to make any public announcement of the things they were doing or going to do. But bad news has wings of its own. Mr. Norcross was still in the midst of his mail dictation to me the morning after the bottom—all the different bottoms—fell out, when Mr. Hornack came bulging in.

"What's all this fire-alarm that's been sprung about a new elevator trust?" he demanded, chewing on his cigar as if it were something he were trying to eat. "It's all over town that C. S. & W. has been secretly reorganized, with the Hatch crowd in control. I'm having a perfect cyclone of telephone calls asking what, and how, and why."

The boss' reply ignored the details. "We're in for it again," he announced briefly. "The local companies couldn't hold on to a good thing when they had it. The stock has been sweat up, first into little heaps, and then into big ones, and now the Hatch people have forced a practical consolidation."

"Is that the fact?—or only the way you are doping it out?" queried the traffic manager.

"It is the fact. Hatch came here last night to tell me about it; also, to tell me where we were to get off."

Hornack bit off a piece of the chewed cigar and took a fresh hold on it.

"Does he think he can hold half minute that we're going to sit down quietly and let him undo all the good work that's been done?" he rasped.

"He does—just that. He's putting us in the nine-hole, Hornack, and up to the present moment I haven't found the way to climb out of it."

"But the ground leases?" Hornack began. "Why can't we pull them on him?"

"We might, if we hadn't been shot dead in our tracks by the very men who ought to be backing us to win." And the boss soberly. And then he went on to tell about the new grip Hatch had on us.

Of course, Hornack blew up at that, and what he said wasn't for publication. For a quarter of an hour the air in the office was blue. When he got down to common, ordinary English again he was saying, between cusses: "But you can't let it stand at that, Norcross; you simply can't!"

"I don't intend to," was the even-toned rejoinder. "But anything we can do will always lack the element of finality. Hornack, white Wall Street that Hatch has got us on the run. He's got the money and I'll say it again: the only hope for the public service corporation today lies in a distribution of its securities among the people it actually serves."

Hornack's tee[th] [had] closed on the chewed cigar.

"That's excellent logic—bully good logic, if anybody should ask you! But we're fighting a condition, not a theory. Nobody wants P. S. L. Common even at thirty-two. You wouldn't advise your worst enemy to buy it at that figure."

"I don't know," said the boss, kind of musingly. "You're forgetting the water that's been put into it from time to time by the speculators and reorganizers; there is even a good deal of that, first and last. Nevertheless, value for value, you know, and I know, that the property is worth more than twice the price it is selling for now. I mean is that if anybody would buy the control at that figure,—the control, mind you, and not merely a minority—and handle the road purely as a public-service business proposition, he wouldn't lose money; he'd make money—a lot of it."

"All of which doesn't get us anywhere in the present pinch," returned the traffic manager. "I suppose we'll have to wait until Hatch makes his first move, and I've still got fight enough left in me to hope that he'll make it suddenly. Punch the button now if anything new develops. I'm going back to swing on to my telephone."

Following this talk with Hornack there was a one more [talk] with Dunton and Juneman, but as this three-cornered conference was held in the private room of the suite, I don't know what was said. A little farther along, when the boss was once more whittling at the dictation, Mr. Van Britt strolled in. Mr. Norcross told me to take my bunch of notes to May and then he gave Mr. Van Britt his inning, starting in with: "Well, here is the general superintendent this fine morning."

Mr. Van Britt wrinkled his nose. "The general superintendent is wondering one more time, why under the starry heavens he is out here in this country that God has forgotten, scrapping for a living on this one-horse railroad, instead of being back in New York, living easy and clipping coupons in the safety-deposit room of a Broad street bank."

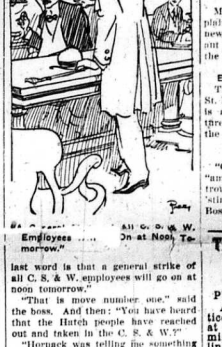
The boss laughed at that, and I'm telling you right now that I was glad to know that he was still able to laugh.

"You've never seen the day when you wanted to come back to New York, you know it," he hit back. "Think of the perfectly good technical education you were wasting when I took hold of you and jerked you out here."

"And you're a millionaire; "I've just had two engineers on the carpet for running over an old ranchman's pet cow. They said they couldn't help it; but I told them that under the public-be-pleased' policy, they'd got to help it."

The boss chuckled. "I believe you'd joke at your own funeral, Upton. You didn't come here to tell me about the ranchman's pet cow."

"Not exactly. I came to tell you that Citizens' Storage & Warehouse is due to have a strike on its hands. The management—which seems to have got itself consolidated in some way—shot out a lot of new bosses all along the line on the through train last night, and this morning the entire works, elevators, packeries, coal yards, lumber mills, and everything, are posted with notices of a blanket cut in wages; twenty per cent. flat, for everybody. The news has been trickling in over the wires all morning; and the



last word is that a general strike of all C. S. & W. employees will go on at noon tomorrow."

"That is move number one," said the boss. And then: "You have heard that the Hatch people have reached out and taken in the C. S. & W.?"

"Hornack was telling me something about it; yes."

"It is true; and the fight is on. You see what Hatch is doing. At one stroke he gets rid of all the local employees of C. S. & W., who have been drawing good pay and who might make trouble for him a little later on, and fills their places with strike-breakers who have no local sympathizers."

"But there will be another result which he may not have counted upon," Mr. Van Britt put in. "The blanket cut serves to unite everybody that once more the old strong-arm monopoly is in the saddle. The newspapers will tell us about it tomorrow morning. Also, a good many of them will be asking us what we are going to do about it; whether we are going to fight the new monopoly as we did the old, or stand in with the graft, as our predecessors did."

"We needn't go over that ground again—you and I, Upton," said Mr. Norcross. "You know where I stand. But the conditions have changed. We have been knifed in the back. And with that he gave the stocky little operating chief a crisp outline of the new situation precipitated by the Dunton-Collingwood political bribery.

Mr. Van Britt took it quietly, as he did most things, sitting with his hands in his pockets and smiling blandly where Hornack had exploded in wrathful profanity. At the wind-up he said: "Old Uncle Breckinridge has one too many for you, Graham. You can't stand the gaff—this new gaff of Hatch's; and neither can you go before the people as the accuser of your president—and hope to hold your job. The one thing for you to do is to lock up your office and walk out."

"Upton, if I thought you meant that—but I never know when to take you seriously."

(To be continued.)

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Mrs. de Wolfe says, "For years I was a dreadful sufferer from Constipation and Headaches and I was miserable in every way. Nothing in the way of medicine seemed to help me. Then I tried "Fruit-a-tives" and the effect was splendid; and after taking only one box, I was completely relieved and now feel like a new person".

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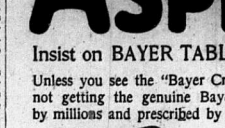

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Forbidden.

Referring to the library sign, "Only low conversation permitted here," a correspondent informs us that he neticed in the Chicago public library a sign reading: "Please do not snooze in the books."—Boston Transcript.

Imagination Needs Tight Rein.

Without imagination you would be like a stove without a fire. But do not let the fire get the better of you. Imagination is like fire; it is a blessing, if controlled, but a curse, if uncontrolled.

The Inconsistent Male.

Men are inconsistent. They complain if their wives don't read the newspapers and keep up with important events, and yet few of them read the fashion notes.—Baltimore Sun.

Eads Bridge Has Three Spans.

The Eads bridge, which connects St. Louis, Mo., and East St. Louis, Ill., is a three-span, steel arched structure. The central span is 520 feet in the clear and the side spans 502 feet.

Strong Resemblance.

"Contentment," remarked Shinbone, "am a mighty fine thing; de only trouble 'bout it is it's kin' o' hahd to 'stinguish from jes plain laziness."—Boston Transcript.

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E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Mackintosh for His Daughter.

Some few years ago an English family rented a place in the Highlands for a few months. It was near a loch, and one morning the party engaged a boat to take them across. The weather had become unsettled, and the father said to the boatman, "By the way, can you tell me where I could get a mackintosh for my daughter?" The boatman rested on his oars for a moment or two, and then said, "There's not ferry many Mackintoshes hereabouts, but there's a fine young Macdonald, a bachelor, who lives at the loch, and he might be selling the young lady."

AUTOMOBILE HERE TO STAY

Foolish to Compare It to Popular "Crazes" That Merely Bloomed for a Time.

"If the automobile craze continues," queried a Man Who Loves to Talk, "what will we do for roads for the cars to run on? Just now all the main roads around the city are used to capacity on nice Sundays, and it is common knowledge that down-town streets are so jammed at times that a man can walk on the sidewalk faster than a car can travel in the street. Shall we have to double-deck our streets?"

"Possibly," replied the Man Who Remembers. "But the use of automobiles is not a craze. It is too enduring for a craze. The roller-skating epidemic that swept the country in the middle eighties was a craze. Remember how rinks sprang up in every town? Bicycle riding ten years later was a craze. The Williamsburg bridge was built while it was at its height, and plans for the bridge called for a space devoted exclusively to bikes, but the craze passed before the bridge was completed.

"Ping-pong was a craze that bloomed in the morning and died at night, though while it lasted there were ping-pong clubs, tournaments, and contests. But baseball, golf and the motorcar are not crazes. They are institutions."—New York Sun.

CHANGES IN ARCTIC OCEAN

Seals Said to Be Finding Temperature a Little Too High, and Ice Is Less Plentiful.

The Arctic ocean is warming up, icebergs are growing scarce and in some places the seals are finding the water too hot, according to a report to the Commerce department from Consul Ifft at Bergen.

Reports from fishermen, seal hunters and explorers all point to a radical change in climatic conditions and hitherto unheard of temperatures in the Arctic zone, exploration expeditions reporting that scarcely any ice has been encountered as far north as 81 degrees 20 minutes. Soundings to a depth of 3,100 meters showed the Gulf stream still warm.

Great masses of ice have been replaced by moraines of earth and stones, while at many points well-known glaciers have disappeared. Very few seals and no white fish are being found in the eastern Arctic, while vast shoals of herring and smelts, which never before have ventured so far north, are being encountered in the old seal-fishing grounds.

Ingenious, but Futile Plea.

When a robbery and not a robbery, was told a judge of several Sessions in New York, when a negro was charged with entering a house and taking a $3,500 diamond ring. "Did you?" asked the judge. "Judge," said the prisoner, "it wasn't no burglary. It was summer time and the windows was open. The windows was open an' I went in and this yere lady woke up —terrible scairt. An' she put up huh hand to huh head and somethin' sparkled. Oh, Jedge, it ain't no burglary." It seemed that the prisoner had undergone a similar painful experience at another apartment not to speak of a record of four previous convictions. He will sparkle in Sing Sing for fourteen years.

Ancestors Worth Boasting About.

For about an hour a man from Denver had been boasting to an Irishman about the magnificence of the Rocky mountains.

"You seem mighty proud ov thim mountains," the Irishman observed.

"You bet I am," replied the man from Denver. "And I ought to be, since my ancestors built them."

The Irishman thought this over for a few moments and then asked, "Did you ever happen to hear ov the Dead sea in—in one ov the old countries?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the man from Denver. "I know all about the Dead sea."

"Well, did you happen to know that me great-grandfather killed the thing?"—London Tit-Bits.

Here and There

During the past season the Canadian Pacific Railway used on all its lines approximately 6,500,000 ties, according to a report just issued. The woods used include British Columbia fir, hemlock, tamarac, jack pine, spruce, maple and birch.

Tourist traffic in New Brunswick during the past summer left nearly $3,000,000 in the province, an amount almost equal to the total provincial revenue, according to an estimate of the New Brunswick Tourist Association. Approximately 70,000 tourists visited the province.

One thousand British Columbia rose bushes are being shipped to Portland, Ore., "the Rose City." Portland, famous all over the continent for its roses, buys the varieties produced in British Columbia because they are the hardiest and best suited for growing in North America.

Silver production in Ontario for 1924 will not vary materially from that of 1923, judging by figures available for the first nine months of the year from the reports of several operating companies, though some increases will be shown. Production to date has amounted to about $19,500 a day.

Caribou have been seen in very large numbers this season in the northern part of Yukon territory. Old-timers say that the main herd must have numbered tens of thousands, while in some of the smaller herds that had broken temporarily from the main herd there were hundreds and sometimes thousands.

The very first aerial stowaway ever known was discovered recently aboard a plane in the Laurentide Air Service, Limited, operating on its Rouyn gold fields service in association with the Canadian Pacific Railway. The serious effect of the extra weight on the flying powers of the machine was so noticeable that it led to the man's discovery. As he had hidden himself with a desire to see his sick wife and child, he was not punished.

The enormous contribution to the wealth of Canada made by the Canadian Pacific Railway was alluded to by E. W. Beatty, K.C., Chairman and President of the Company, when, speaking at Welland, Ont., on November 7th, at the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the building of the first Welland Canal, he stated that the company in 1923 dispersed in the Dominion $202,000,000 in wages and materials, and $7,000,000 in taxes of all kinds.

November 7th was the 39th anniversary of the driving of the last spike in the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, an event which completed the Dominion's first transcontinental railroad, fulfilled the terms of Confederation and made Canada a nation. A stone monument now marks the spot at Craigellachie, in the Rocky Mountains, where Lord Strathcona (then Sir Donald A. Smith) wielded the hammer which united East and West.

Lloyd George on House of Lords.

A witty retort was once made by Mr. Lloyd George when he was discussing Chief Justice Hughes with another well-known American.

Mr. Lloyd George asked if Mr. Hughes had not changed a great deal since the days when he was Governor of New York. "Well," said the American, "for the last six years he has been sitting in the Supreme Court. If you had sat for six years in the House of Lords, I guess you would have changed some, too."

"Oh, no, I shouldn't," was Mr. Lloyd George's reply. "But the House of Lords would."

Do they answer your questions?

The young people, in their letters from school, seldom tell you what you really want to know.

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No matter how gloomy the weather, a talk with the young people by Long Distance will always bring sunshine into their day as well as yours.

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Hospital for Sick Children

67 COLLEGE ST., TOIONTO

Dear Mr. Editor:—

Your readers have probably had their appetite for statistics satiated during the past few months. Still they will, no doubt, want to know something of the work accomplished by the hospital to which they have so generously contributed in the past. They are shareholders in a Mission of Mercy. Their dividends are not paid in coin of the realm. May I trespass upon your space to outline what those dividends are?

Firstly, the daily average of children occupying cots in the Hospital for Sick Children was 355. The total cared for as in-patients was 6,397. That is equivalent to the population of a good-sized [illegible] town.

And secondly, the out-patient department. This is a wing of office given over to consultation and minor operations. On an average there were 190 young callers a day.

That is where the dividends are earned—in the difference made in the lives of the hands of children through the voluntary contributions which render it possible to maintain an institution where pallid cheeks become rosy and twisted limbs are made straight.

If that were not dividend enough, one might try to estimate the enormous salvage of child-life in Ontario which has taken place since "Sick Kids" doctors and "Sick Kids" nurses have been going out through this province equipped with a knowledge of children's diseases, which they could not get except in some such highly specialized and pre-eminently efficient institution as the Hospital for Sick Children.

On this year's service the Hospital expended $365,128 and finds itself in the hole to the extent of $134,284. What comes in around Christmas-time keeps the Hospital going. So long as the word "Christmas" retains its original significance could any charity possibly enlist more of the sympathy of your readers or entitle itself to more of their support?

Faithfully yours,
I. E. ROBERTSON,
Chairman Appeal Committee

A MINUTE OF MERCY COSTS FIFTY CENTS

To Generate Speed.

The teacher was giving a practical demonstration to the science class. His subject on this afternoon was "Steam."

"What have I in my hand?" he asked.

"A tin can," came the answer.

"Very true. Is it an animate or inanimate object?"

"Inanimate."

"Correct. Now, can any boy tell me how, with this can, it is possible to generate a surprising amount of speed and power almost beyond control?"

There was no responsive chorus, no murmur even from the class. Pained, the teacher made another appeal.

"Surely some one can tell me," he said.

A solitary hand was raised.

"Yes, Smith?"

"Please, sir, tie it to a dog's tail."

Quebec.

Quebec is said to be derived from the Indian word "Kebec," meaning a strait, and was given to the site of the present city of Quebec from the peculiar figuration of the St. Lawrence river at that point, for the river there grows narrow and from its deep waters rises the bold height on which the ancient city stands.

DOINGS IN THE CANADIAN NATIONAL POULTRY RECORD ASSOCIATION

Another Egg Laying Contest Year has been completed and the Canadian National Poultry Record Association has added another very successful year to its history. The number of registered birds from the 1923-24 Egg Laying Contests is very much in excess of the number qualifying in former years. Indeed the increase is so great that the Contests which ended October 29th, 1924, will have more birds registered in the two preceding years.

For the first time pullets from registered hens have themselves qualified and have been marked for registration, and these pullets will be the first mothers of registered cockerels. The mating season of 1925 will be the first mating of what is known as the second generation registered female, the daughters of first generation registered hens. Fortunate is the breeder who has second generation females in his breeding pen for the mating season of 1925. To these breeders and to them only will be the pleasure of having the first crop of registered cockerels.

That the securing of the second generation registered females is by no means an easy undertaking, has been clearly demonstrated this past Egg Laying Contest year. All the pullets from registered hens did not lay the required number of eggs to qualify, which is 200, and of those that laid the required amount, many were disqualified as not laying eggs up to standard size which is 24 ozs. to the dozen. It was pleasing to those who have labored so diligently at this work to know that there was a lower percentage of second generation birds disqualified for small eggs than of first generation ones.

Strict regulations were enforced to keep out of registration birds whose eggs averaged less than 24 ozs. to the dozen, and the closest of checking was exercised in the case of second generation birds. It is believed that by disqualifying for egg weights and allowing no registered cockerel to be a grandson who has less than two generations of female ancestors who have laid standard sized eggs the size of the eggs produced where registered cockerels are used, will, in a very few years be very materially increased.

HUMOR, OLD AND NEW.

Took Off His Hat In Order to See If His Head Was In It.

The joke on the Scotsman's "closeness" where money is concerned is an old one, after all. Whether it is well founded may be left to the reader's own knowledge for confirmation. The tradition, at any rate, is old enough to be generally accepted. Some one has been delving in an old book of humor, "The Force of Nature," published in 1820, with the result that the following story on the Scots was found:

"As two military officers of the sister countries of Ireland and Scotland were passing along Piccadilly their attention was attracted by a pretty girl at work with her needle behind the counter of a Magazin des Modes. The Hibernian instantly proposed to go into the shop and purchase some trifle by way of excuse for obtaining a nearer inspection of the fair damsel. 'Not a bit,' said the Scot, 'usually curious but more economical Scot, 'there's na occasion to throw awa' siller. Let's gang in, and ask change o' twa saxpences for a shilling!'"

From the above it would seem that humor does not change much, but there are variations in subjects and in the manner of serving it up. This book was published a short time after the French Revolution, hence there was point to the following:

"When Robespierre had been guillotined at Paris, a Gascon officer in the French army thus expressed the dread he had entertained of that tyrant's power, as the name of Robespierre was mentioned to me I used to take off my hat, in order to see if my head was in it."

The same period produced the following exchanges of wit between Chesterfield and Voltaire:

"One day Lord Chesterfield happened to be at a rout in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests; Chesterfield seemed gazing about the brilliant circle of the ladies; Voltaire accosted him, 'My Lord, I know you are a judge; which are more beautiful, the English or French ladies?' 'Upon my word,' replied his lordship, with his usual presence of mind, 'I am no connoisseur of paintings.' Some time after this, Voltaire, being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's rout with Lord Chesterfield; a lady in company, prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation. Chesterfield came up, tapped him on the shoulder, saying: 'Sir, take care you are not captivated.' 'My Lord,' replied the French wit), 'I scorn to be taken by an English vessel under French colors'."

Ought to Be.

The licensee of a West Ham public house has just purchased a parrot which is trained to imitate the bagpipes. The bird's life will, of course, be insured.—London Punch.

For a Waxed Floor.

Marred spots on a waxed floor can be removed by rubbing very sparingly with alcohol. Then apply wax thinly and evenly and rub in with a soft cloth.

Yea, Verily.

It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways and that is as true of the Golden Rule as any other.—Boston Transcript.

It Pays to Advertise.

"Just look at that rooster," remarked the duck; "since he's begun crowing he's had his statue placed on the top of the barn."

In Writing.

The one rule is to be infinitely various.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY CHARLES G. TRUMBULL, Editor of The Sunday School Times.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Sunday, Nov. 23:—Luke 9 : 28-36.

Golden Text—This is My Beloved Son : hear Him. (Luke 9:35

Before Adam and Eve had been created, before the world itself was, Christ had a glory with God the Father which is beyond the power of man to imagine (John 17 : 5). He was now about to manifest that glory to an inner circle of three chosen disciples.

About a week before He had uttered a remarkable prophecy (Luke 9 : 27) ; the same word in Matthew 16 : 28 reads : "There be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of Man coming in His kingdom." In Matthew 17, Mark 9 and Luke 9 the prophecy is immediately connected with the statement that a few days later Jesus was transfigured before them. Surely this transfiguration was the fulfilment of the prediction, a foreglean of "the Son of Man coming in His kingdom."

It is believed that "a mountain," in Scripture symbolism, means a kingdom" (Isa 2 : 2) ; Dan. 2 : 35). It was fitting that this glimpse of the King in His glory should be given on a mountain (v. 28).

The transfigured appearance of the Lord is described in very few words, but very amazingly, as we see by bringing together the three Gospel accounts, Matthew 17 : 2, Mark 9 : 3, Luke 9 : 29. No man has ever looked that way. If we think it difficult to look into the face of the noonday sun, think what it must be to see Christ glorified ! It is more fully described in Revelation 1 : 14-16. No wonder we sing "When by His grace I shall look on His face, that will be glory for me."

Two men, Moses and Elijah, were with Christ on the mount of transfiguration. Moses stands for the law. Elijah stands for the Prophets. They were in full fellowship with Christ ; for He had said, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets : I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil" (see Matthew 5 : 17, 18). These two Old Testament saints rejoiced to see in Christ the fulfilment of their earthly mission and of all that God had done through them.

What did they talk about with Christ ? His wonderful ethical teachings ? His social message ? His coming kingdom ? No ; only one thing. His death, "which He should accomplish at Jerusalem."

Moses knew that the death of Christ, if truly believing in Him were saved, was required by God's righteous law.

Elijah knew that the death of Christ was infallibly predicted by Old Testament prophecy.

Surely they were thrilled and awed, but rejoiced, to realize that the great consummation of God's eternal purposes for a lost race was soon at hand in the mission of the Son of Man.

He was going to "accomplish" His death. Men could never accomplish it. Satan and all the powers of evil could never accomplish it. Only Christ could achieve His own death. "I lay down my life." He said, "that I might take it again. No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself" (John 10 : 17, 18).

Sleep robbed the inner circle of three of our Lord's disciples of two of the greatest privileges in all their lives, and they lost in two of the greatest episodes of our Lord's earthly life—here and in the Garden of Gethsemane. How did it happen ? May we not say, "An enemy hath done this ?" Satan can undoubtedly bring up-on us a spirit of drowsiness and sleep when the wants us to fail of opportunities God gives us. We need never be thus defeated if we watch and pray and trust.

"When they were awake they saw His glory." It is only when we are awake spiritually as well as physically, in full yieldedness, that we can by faith see the glory of the Lord.

If we are puzzled to understand why Peter should have impulsively and wrongly suggested building three tabernacles or booths, one for Christ, and one for Moses and one for Elijah, there is great suggestiveness in the reference given by contrast in the Scofield Reference Bible to verses 19 and 20 of this same chapter. There we are told of the fatal mistake made by men who were saying that Christ was Elijah, or one of the old prophets risen again ; and we are given Peter's glorious reply to our Lord's question, "But whom say ye that I am ?" in the answer, "The Christ of God." There is a great "but" between Christ and men. He is not to be treated as a man or "tabernacled" with men. He and Moses and Elijah were not to be looked upon as three great men together. Peter, indeed, "not knowing what he said," blundered sinfully here, as have so many others who have failed to recognize the eternal and glorious uniqueness of Christ.

The shekinah cloud of glory (Ex. 40 : 34-38 ; 1 Kings 8 : 10, 11) overshadowed them then, and God witnessed to Christ's Deity—"This is My beloved Son, hear Him." The Heavenly Father of Christ, and inearthly mother of Christ, both spoke similarly concerning obedience to Him (John 2 : 5). This shekinah glory of God always indicates of God's own presence, was a more suitable "tabernacle" for Christ than Peter's would have been.

Then "they saw no man, save Jesus only" (Matt. 17 : 8). Jesus is man, but He is more than man, for He is also God. As Horace Bushnell's famous sermon more than half a century ago declared, "The character of Jesus forbids His possible classification with men."

PAINS IN LEFT SIDE AND BACK

Other Troubles Women Often Have Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lachine, Quebec.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because I suffered with pains in my left side and back, and with weakness and other troubles women so often have. I was this way about six months. I saw the Vegetable Compound advertised in the 'Montreal Standard' and I have taken four bottles of it. I was a very sick woman and I feel so much better I would not be without it. I also use Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I recommend the medicines to my friends and I am willing for you to use my letter as a testimonial."—Mrs. M. W. Ross, 630 Notre Dame Street, Lachine, Quebec.

Doctor Said an Operation

Provost, Alberta.—"Perhaps you will remember sending me one of your books a year ago. I was in a bad condition and would suffer awful pains at times and could not do anything. The doctor said I could not have children unless I went under an operation. I read testimonials of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the papers and a friend recommended me to take it. After taking three bottles I became much better and now have a bonny baby girl four months old. I do my housework and help a little with the chores. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends and am willing for you to use this testimonial letter."—Mrs. A. A. Adams, Box 54, Provost, Alberta.

Empire Cafe
OPPOSITE CAMPBELL HOUSE
WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF CATERING FOR PARTIES, LARGE OR SMALL
SPECIAL DINNERS
11.30 a.m., Till 2 p.m.
A la carte at all hours.
Ladies' afternoon tea served each afternoon.
Chinese and American dishes.
ICE CREAM PARLOR. CANDIES.
GEO. CHOW, - Proprietor.

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WILLIARD BATTERY SERVICE STATION
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Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils.

Stoves, and Furnaces.

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Hyacinths,
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We Sell for Less

5 lbs. Washing Soda for..	15c.
4 lb. good Black Pepper for	20c.
4 lb. Cocoa 10c., 3 lb. for..	25c.
4 lb. Prunes 10c., 3 lb. for.	25c.
2 lbs. Raisins for.....	20c.
1 lb. pkg. Bonner's Seedless	13c.
4 lb. pkg. Bonner's Seeded	13c.
1 lb. Shortening.....	17c.
4 lb. tin Sockeye Salmon..	28c.
2 bars Carbolic Soap.....*	15c.
4 lb. pure Cream Tartar..	30c.
1 lb. tin Our Own Baking Powder	20c.
2 lbs. good Soap Chips....	25c.
5 lb. pail Nova Shortening	90c.
1 lb. Baking Soda.....	5c.
2 lb. Dates.....	22c.
Iodine Salt, per box.....	18c.

Denison Bros.

North Centre Street.

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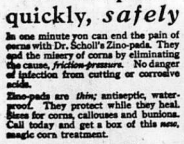

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end the pain
quickly, *safely*

In one minute you can end the pain of corns with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Then end the misery of corns by eliminating the cause, *friction-pressure*. No danger of infection from cutting or corrosive acids.

Zino-pads are *thin;* antiseptic, waterproof. They protect while they heal. Sizes for corns, callouses and bunions. Call today and get a box of this *new*, magic corn treatment.

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Daly's Good Tea is dependable—When you buy a pound you know with certainty that you will serve a tea rich in flavor and of the proper strength, one that will make the members of your family or your guests exclaim, "What a splendid cup of tea." This famous brand for sale at WALLACE'S DRUG STORE.

Plough Shares.

Any kind you want; any number you want. Also repairs for Perrin, Wilkinson and Percival plows. Wagons and plows for sale at

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47-tf Phone 103.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will hold their regular monthly meeting in the Public Library, on Tuesday, Nov. 25th, at three o'clock.

The annual meeting of the Musical and Literary Club will be held in the Public Library, Monday, Nov. 24th, at four o'clock. Officers for the coming year will be elected. All are invited to attend.

Secretary.

The W. A. of St. Mary Magdalene's Church will hold their annual social in the school room on Thursday, Nov. 20th, at 7.30 p. m. Attractive programme, including illustrated address by Mr. W. S. Herrington, upon his recent trip to the Old Country. Refreshments. The Girls' Auxiliary will sell home-made candy. Silver collection at the door. All welcome.

"The Lord shall greatly bless thee," Deut. 15-4; "Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength," Isa. 26-4; "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness," 2 Cor. 12-9; "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich and He addeth no sorrow with it," Prov. 10-22; "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him," Jas. 1-5; "In everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God," Phil. 4-6.

Love of God, so pure so changeless,
Love of God so rich and free;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me.

A BIBLE LOVER.

Brimful of interest to every sportsman is the December issue of Rod and Gun in Canada. Two especially good stories appear in the first section. I've Wandered in the Village, Tom, by George R. Belton, will touch a chord of sympathy in everyone who has returned to the home town after years of absence. The Yellow Mink is a thrilling mystery story in Phil. H. Moore's best style. Bonnycastle Dale upholds his reputation as a writer of very interesting wild animal and wild bird stories in The Canada Grouse. Queer Ducks, by W. J. Winson, the last of his series of duck stories, is decidedly one of the best. It contains information on the subject of these wild fowl not often available. F. V. Williams and Martin Hunter, other regular contributors, have stories that are worthy successors of their previous ones. Besides other interesting and instructive articles, the regular departments are all up to the mark. Guns and Ammunition comprises a number of extremely interesting articles on a variety of subjects. In addition to these features, the winners in the $500 Photo Contest, which has aroused such universal interest, are announced in this issue.

MERGER OF BANKS FORMALLY RATIFIED BY SHAREHOLDERS.

Special meetings of shareholders of the Standard and Sterling Banks were held yesterday, at which formal approval to the merger of these institutions was given by a unanimous vote. This prepares the way for final steps being taken in the consummation of this consolidation. It is expected that the combined organization will become effective by the beginning of the year. The only formality that remains is the formal assent of the Governor-in-Council, which is expected about five weeks hence.

At both meetings yesterday satisfaction was expressed concerning the merger. Both meetings were of a formal character, with no events outside of the routine. This was expected since the amalgamation is viewed as mutually beneficial and quite satisfactory from the standpoint of shareholders and depositors.

CONWAY WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.

The November meeting took place at the home of Mrs. Eph. Fitchett on Tuesday of last week, with an attendance of eighteen members and visitors. The meeting opened in the usual way, followed by a couple of fine selections on Mrs. Fitchett's player piano. The Secretary gave the minutes of the October meeting, and the Book Committee reported a large list being made out very carefully for purchase. All agreed that the books must be of the highest order, and anyone who gets a book from the library which has damaging literature, as some of the old ones may have been, are requested to hand it in to the library and notify the librarian, who has the power to destroy it.

Next came the report of the delegate, Mrs. Spearing. This was very thorough, and took up the subject discussed at the convention, and aroused a considerable amount of enthusiasm from all who heard it. Mrs. W. Haight moved a vote of thanks to Mrs. Spearing for the painstaking way in which she composed her report.

Mrs. W. Haight also brought before the members a plan by which all members who wish to do so may take lessons in First Aid and Home Nursing. This was left over for discussion when we have a larger attendance.

It was decided to have a debate in the near future on the subject, "Resolved, that the young girl of to-day is destroying higher ideals than she is creating." This will be advertised soon.

As the afternoon was drawing to a close, the National Anthem was sung and the hostess served refreshments.

The Takakkaw falls in the remarkable Yoho valley, Canadian Rockies, is more than six times as high as Niagara.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. Jack Adams is on a trip to British Columbia.

Miss Abbie Judson has returned from Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Jas. Taylor, Woodstock, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Mel. Taylor.

Mr. Oryal Frisken, Queen's College, spent the week-end at his home in Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Martin, Stirling, were week-end guests of Rev. and Mrs. Tamlon.

Miss Hazel VanAlstyne, Queen's University, spent Thanksgiving with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. VanAlstyne.

Rev. J. F. Mears, Port Hope, who occupied the pulpit in Grace Church on Sunday, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Empey.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Wartman and Mrs. C. H. Wartman, Toronto, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Robinson.

Mr. Exra Huffman, Hay Bay, spent last week visiting his brother at Trout Creek.

Mrs. Geo. Brown, Hay Bay, spent last week with friends in Picton.

Dr. Willoughby and Messrs. E. O. Unger, Raymond Fretts, W. G. Schell and Isaac Asselstine are on a hunting expedition in the north country.

Mrs. Geo. Beadle, Port Huron, is visiting her father, Mr. Frank Albertson, Moscow.

Mrs. I. MacLennan and daughter, Rhoda, Inverness, Scotland, are guests of Mayor and Mrs. A. MacGregor.

Mrs. W. C. Smith, Miss Betty and Miss Jessie Dibb were in Toronto a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Scott left on Wednesday for New York and sailed for South America on Saturday.

Miss Hazel Gordon, Toronto, was the guest of Miss Letha Scott a few days last week.

Reeve M. P. Graham was in Belleville on Thursday attending the annual banquet to the Belleville Cheese Board, given by Mr. John Elliot, manager of the Standard Bank at Belleville.

Messrs. Frank Stevens, Welland, and Fred Stevens, Toronto, were in Napanee last week, attending the funeral of their mother, the late Mrs. Geo. Stevens.

Capt. A. Hunter and Mrs. Hunter, Belleville, spent the week-end with Capt. A. G. Hughson and Mrs. Hughson, Piety Hill.

The hunting party from Napanee who spent the season at Dafoe's camp, have returned with their full complement of deer.

Mr. George Tyner, of Lime Lake, has purchased a three tube R. C. Westinghouse Radio Set, with loud speaker, at at Vine's Electric Shop, Napanee, the Rayman for this district.

Mr. John McConnell, Forest Mills, purchased one of those good reliable R. C. Westinghouse Radio Sets, with loud speaker, at Vine's Electric Shop, Napanee.

Mrs. W. P. Chard, Bridge street, who is stopping with her mother, Mrs. P. Trumpour, left to spend a couple of weeks visiting her daughter and friends at Lindsay.

On Monday evening friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hagerman, Lake Road, to say good-bye to them before leaving for their new home in Enterprise. On this occasion they were presented with two beautiful chairs, and a dainty lunch was served.

MARRIAGES.

Huffman—Greer—At Kingston, on Wednesday, Nov. 12th, 1924, by Rev. J. H. Stephen, Lillian Kathleen Greer to Raymond Huffman, both of Napanee.

DEATHS

Pearson—At Napanee, on Friday, Nov. 14th, 1924, Bertha Frances Pearson, beloved wife of Mr. W. J. Pearson, aged 42 years, 4 months.

Ever-Ready Flashlights.

Batteries and Replacement bulbs. WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Cosmopolitan New York.

New York each year becomes more of a foreign city. With considerably more than half of its population foreign-born or of foreign parentage, and with fully a third of its residents Jewish, it is fast acquiring many habits and customs that are distinctly not American, although in all the various groups of nationalities in the metropolis systematic efforts toward Americanization are being made.

The principal society at work to this end is called "America's Making." It is headed by Dr. John Houston Finley, formerly president of City college and widely known in educational circles. At a carnival this society gave at the Hotel Astor the other evening there were groups of 36 different nationalities, all in native dress—and all of them were New Yorkers.

Sills' Motors.

Service on all cars. Work guaranteed. We are installing new work shop equipment for time and labor saving, giving greater satisfaction to our customers. Genuine Ford parts. Formerly Lennox Garage.

S. W. Clark, auctioneer, will sell under Mortgage Sale proceedings, subject to reserve bid, at th Town Hall, Napane, Ont., at 1.30 p.m., Thursday, November 20th, 1924, part of lot ELEVEN on the south side of Thomas street, in the town of Napanee in the County of Lennox and Addington, upon which are erected a frame one and one-half storey double dwelling house and out-building. For conditions of sale apply to U. M. Wilson, Solicitor, Napanee, Ont. 49-c

Bed-time Stories

In cloth bound editions. All the favorites. 50c. each.

Mechanical Toys.

Wonderful assortment, low prices.

A Negro woman of mammoth proportions and inky complexion was in an automobile accident. She was transferred to the hospital, where she soon regained consciousness. The doctor, seeking to comfort her a bit, said to her:

"You undoubtedly will be able to obtain a considerable amount of damages, Mrs. Johnston."

"Damages!" said Mrs. Johnston. "What Ah want wif damages? Ad got enough damages now. What Ah want is repairs."

—Selected.

Dolls

Never before have dolls been so beautiful and so inexpensive. Dressed sleeping dolls, 25c. to $5.50 each.

Do Your Xmas Shopping Early, is More than a Slogan

It Means

Service, Wide Assortments, Satisfaction.

Do Your Xmas Shopping at Robinson's, is more Than a Slogan

It Means

Quality, Proper Prices, Satisfaction.

OUR WELL-MADE COATS FOR SCHOOL-WEAR HAVE BEEN AWARDED FIRST PLACE BY COMPARISON

To stand the strain of every day wear satisfactorily, you will agree with us that a Coat must be well made, of good materia

To please the average girl a coat must be made from materia fine enough and good enough to wear anywhere, at all time

Our present range of coats combines these requirements wonderfully. Featured are garments made in Duvetyns, Velours Teddy-Bears, Blanket Velours and Plaid Back Tweeds.

Many of these garments are fur-trimmed.

All sizes from 4 to 14 years.

MEN'S SITKA BEAVER COATS

SPECIAL AT $42.50

After a careful survey of the Canadian markets we purchased these Sitka Beaver Coats because in our opinion they represented the best values obtainable.

We guarantee these coats to be made from choice selected Kalgan Grey Goatskins of first quality, ensuring maximum wear, warmth and good appearance.

All coats are made by expert workmen, in a government-inspected factory, thus you are assured of strong, well made garments. Every point subject to strain is securely reinforced. Quilted lining is used throughout.

Men we invite your inspection and comparison. We positively guarantee you can not duplicate these fur coats anywhere, quality considered.

Obtainable in all sizes, from 44 to 50 chest.

OUR XMAS RANGE OF SILK SCARFS ARE HERE

THEY COME RESPLENDENT IN COLORS AND UNIQUE IN DESIGN

From the Courts of Fashion comes the word that Scarfs of all types are as proper as ever. Thus for Xmas they will prove excellent as well as appropriate gifts.

Variety of weave, variety of color, variety of size, characterizes our showing. Stripes, bars and heathers in rainbow colorings, make choosing a delight.

Black and White is one of the leading combinations. Priced from $1.50 to $4.75.

Choose early while colorings are here.

SLAUGHTER SALE OF CURTAIN MATERIALS FOR SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22ND

Remnants in the lot include Marquisette, Scrim, Voile, Madras, Scotch Fillet, Tuscan Net, Casement Cloth, Cable Net, Nottingham Net and Colored Scotch Madras. You will find these remnants all good, clean stock, ranging in lengths from one to five yards. Each piece is neatly folded with the price and length indicated on the ticket.

In this lot, by actual count, there are 162 remnants, the after-math of our Spring Sales.

Remnants in the lot are all marked at very low figures, but for Saturday, Nov. 22nd, we are placing them on sale at exactly half price.

This Remnant Sale offers you an advantageous opportunity to decorate your odd windows with the least possible expense.

FLANNEL DRESSES IN SPORT COLORINGS, MAKE CHARMING FROCKS AT MODERATE PRICES

Flannel plows a lone furrow when it comes to Sport Dresses for Winter. Its color range adequately meets all the requirements of matron and maid alike. Spruce Green, Rust, Sand, Tan Brown, Copen, Grey and Navy are among the outstanding colors.

In styles, authoritative designers favor those styles which feature high neck closings with long sleeves.

Colored braids in matching and contrasting colors, make clever trimmings.

Obtainable in Women's and Misses' sizes.

Priced from $7.75 to $11.50.

DURABIL BRAND MACKINAWS FOR MEN AND BOYS

These Mackinaw Coats are made from pure All Wool Mackinaw, by the Premier Mackinaw House, of Canada. They fit right, are made right, and will for those reasons give the best satisfaction of any Mackinaw Coats that are on the market.

Some very special styles and qualities in stock for those who want a genuine good article.

THE ROBINSON COMPANY FLANNELETTE BLANKETS ARE THE BEST VALUES PROCURABLE

Because they are heavier in weight and larger in size we believe that our Headerdown Brand of Flannelette Blankets is the most satisfactory known in the Dry Goods Trade.

Then too, they are finished with a close, downy nap that does not wash or wear up easily, like other makes of Flannelette Blankets.

They come in White or Grey, with Pink or Blue borders, which are procurable in three sizes.

Sizes and prices as follows:

Single bed size, 54 x 80, is priced at $2.19 pair.

Three-quarter bed size, 66 x 80 in., priced at $2.39 pair.

Double bed size, 72 x 88 in., priced at $2.69 pair.

On display in our Staple Section.

WE HAVE THIRTEEN PARCELS OF MEN'S UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY DIRECT FROM "WOLSEY" CO., ENGLAND, THIS WEEK

The world over, the name "Wolsey" means quality. They are recognized as the best makers of knitted goods in the world and their product goes to all quarters of the globe.

The particular line of their goods we wish to draw your attention to this week is:

"Rameses" Brand All Wool Worsted Hose, in sizes 10, 10½ and 11. Colors Brown Heather, Green Heather, plain Grey, plain Black and Buff. Our special price 50c. a pair. Only 15 dozen in the lot.

SEE OUR BLUE SERGE SUITS AT $25.00 FOR YOUNG MEN AND OLDER MEN

They are made in several models and you will find them especially attractive. They are made of very fine Twill Serge, in the popular dark Navy Blue. Every suit is guaranteed to give you satisfaction.

Quality, Service, Value.

THE ROBINSON CO.

LIMITED

We close at 10 p.m. Saturdays. Other days at 5.30 p.m.